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SEX ME UP!

# FRENCH KISS

COMIX

#14

ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

**GORGEOUS  
ART BY**

**DIEGO GRECO  
& ERDOSAIN**

**SANTACRUZ**

**GABRIEL B.**

**ALVARO**

**ARMAS**

**NOE**

**MAN**

**ATILIO**

**& IVAN**

**FEROCIUS**

**BRITO & VAL**

**AL AZIF**

**& MORR**

**C  
E  
X  
X** coffee

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## Editorial

### LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

You often hear people say that Puritanism is on the rise in America. They say the new mechanisms of censorship are more subtle and wicked than ever. But in the Old World there are plenty of hypocrites with no sense of humor or blood in their veins who put their hands and snouts where it's none of their business. At the end of March of this year, a news story appeared that gave a glimpse of a terrifying image of where Europe might be headed thanks to the progressive relaxation of its borders. Gerhard Haderer, an Austrian comic strip artist, faced a prison term of six months to two years for his story *Life of Jesus*: a forty-page book published in ten countries that was pretty successful in some of them. In it, the Son of God is portrayed as a pothead who parties with Jimi Hendrix and is a surf bum. An image that has gotten up in arms guess who, in of all places ...the Greeks! In Greece, the orthodox church managed to *provisionally* pull the book from store shelves in 2002. In 2005, when Haderer was told that a Greek court had passed a judgment on him for blasphemy, the guy, as would be normal, laughed it off. When he got a court summons and started learning more about his case, though, he started to get a little worried: Haderer might have been the first victim of the common judicial system of the European Union that came into force in June 2002. Thank God our story has a happy ending. This past April 13, the Austrian artist had all charges dropped against him and his book began circulating freely through the country again. Hopefully

the judicial sentence will be a precedent in and outside of its borders, and the whiners of the world won't prevail and they'll go back to their own business. That's the only way we'll be able to keep on enjoying the erotic delicacies every three months from high-caliber artists like Man, Noe, Atilio, Ferocius...and our latest discovery, who we premier this month: Santacruz. We'll leave you with that. A big hug and a final thought: Liberty and Justice for All!

**scanned by coffee 2006  
for CExXx**

### QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

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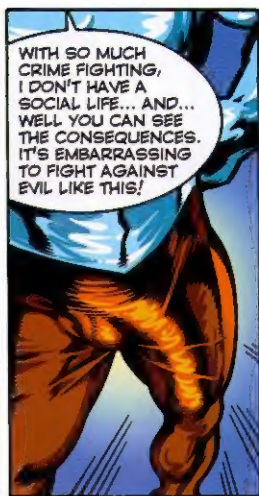




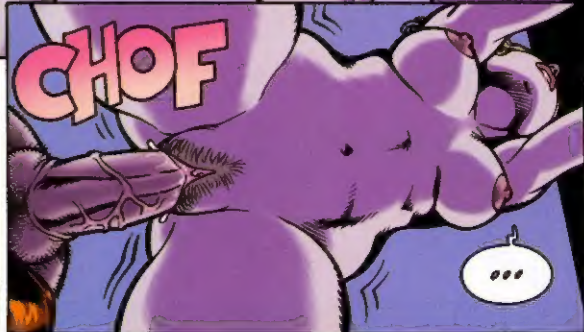
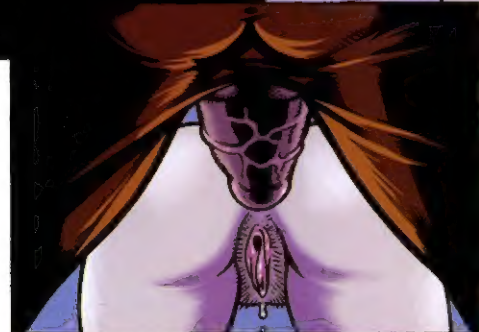




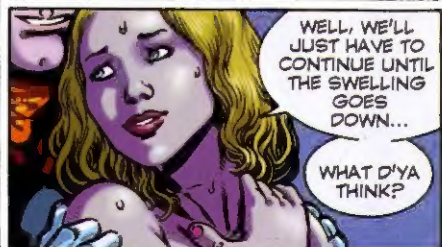
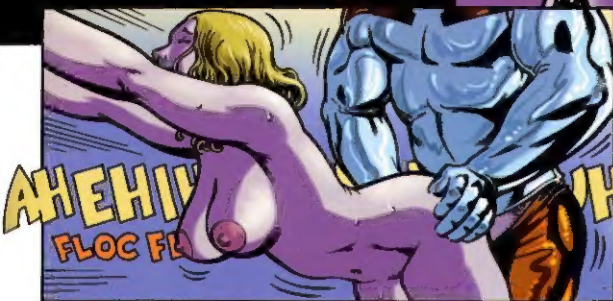




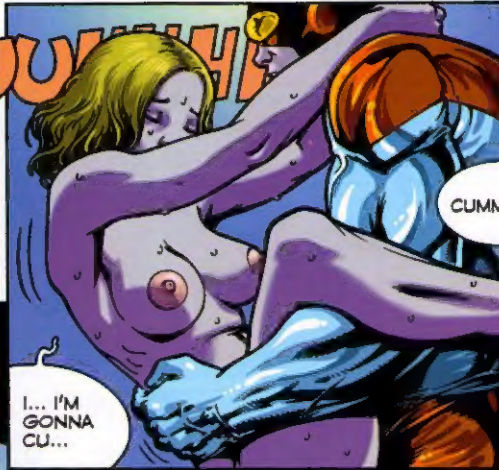
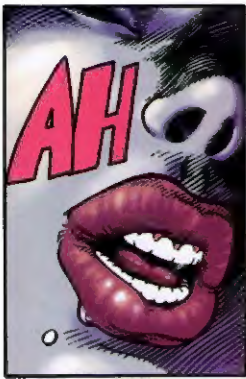






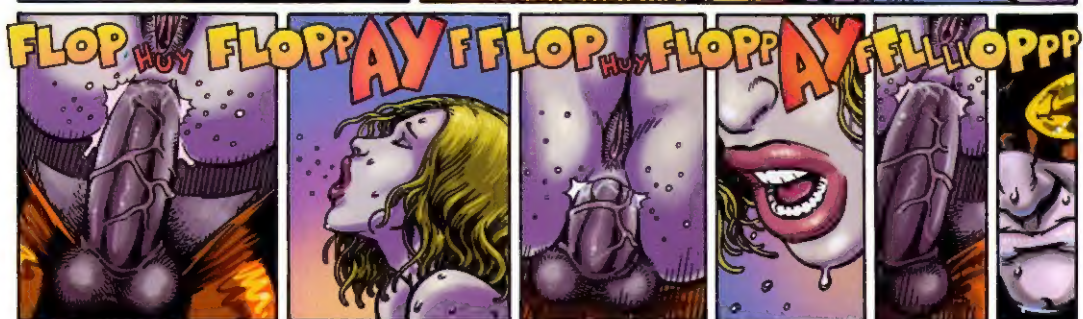
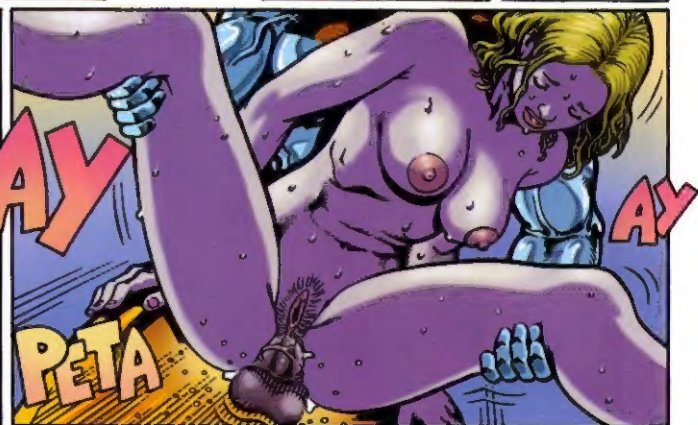
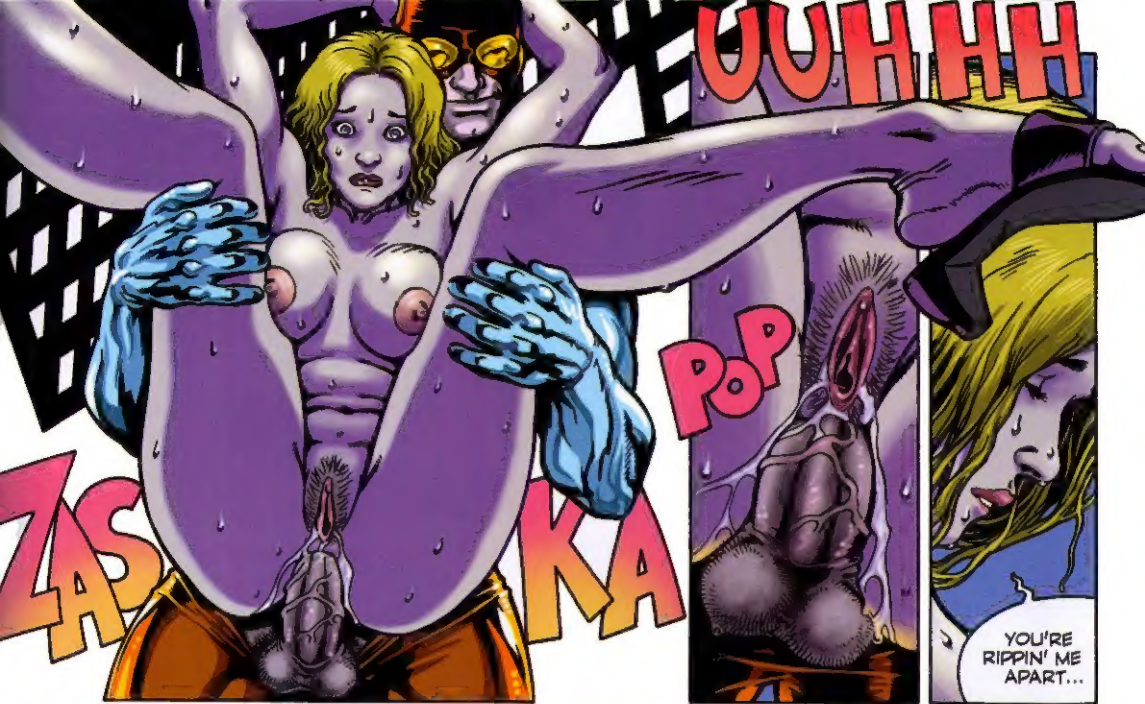




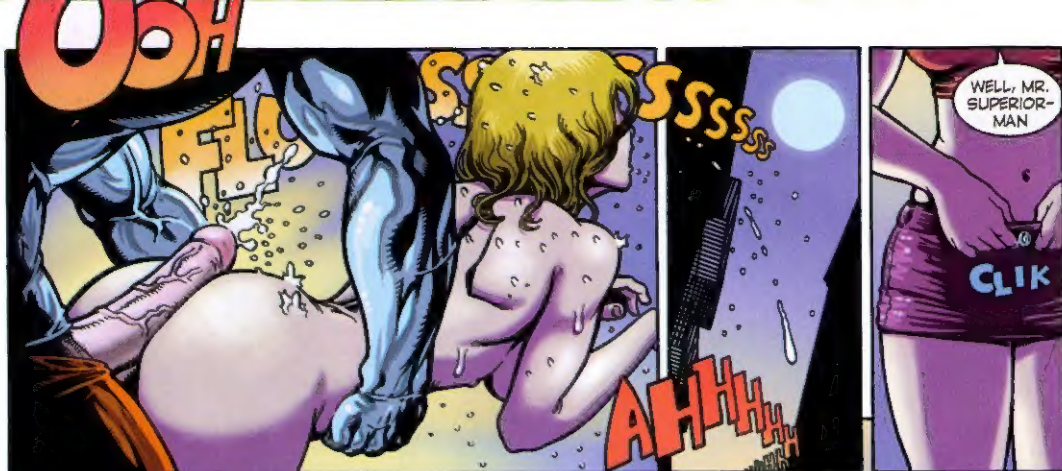


NO!





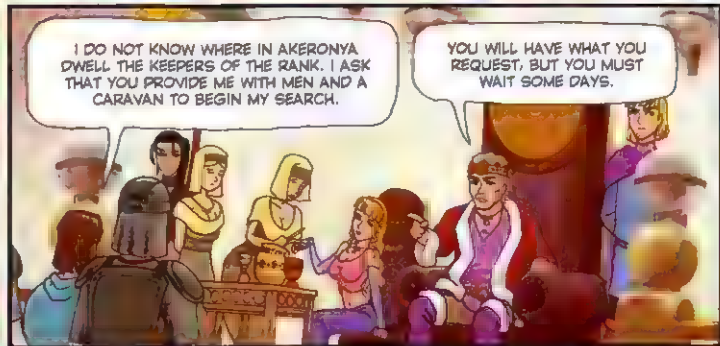
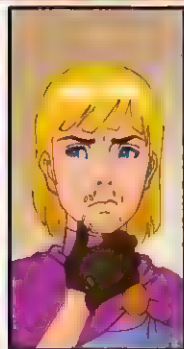
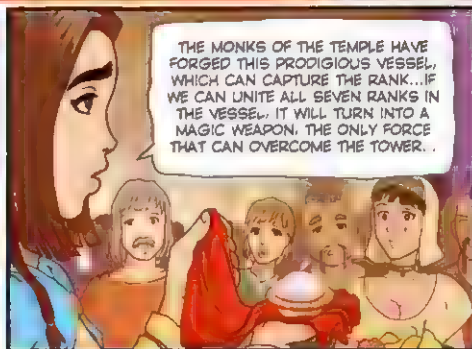
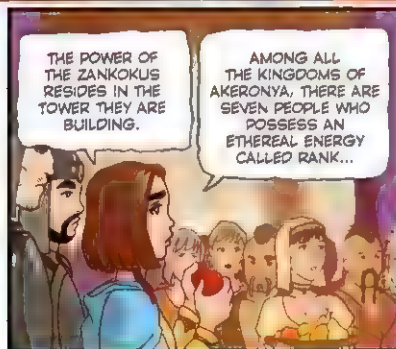




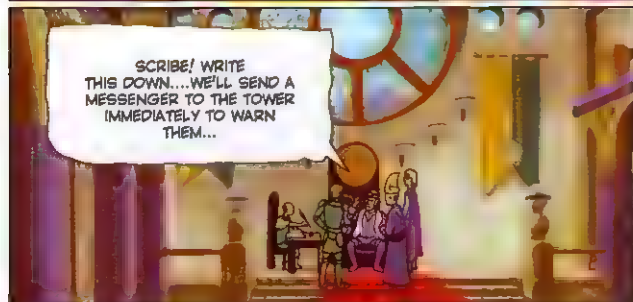
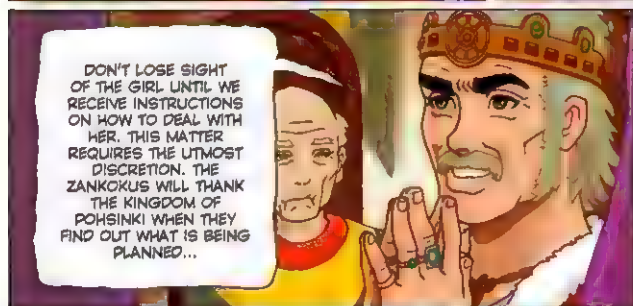
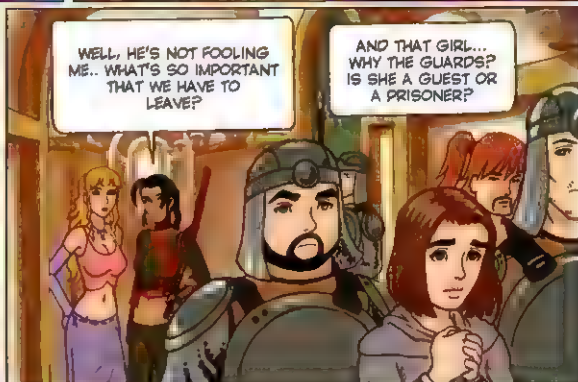
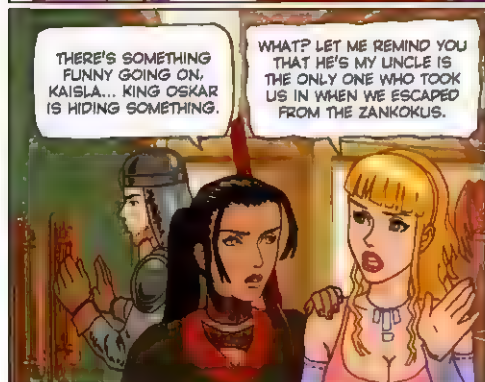


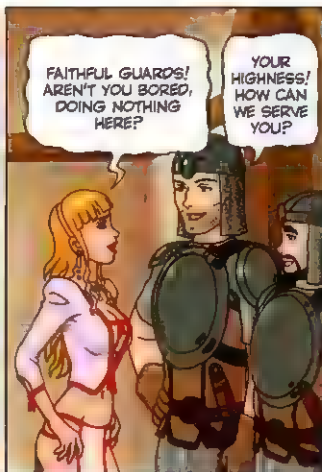
# AKERONYA ESCAPE

by Atilio Gambedotti & Ivan Guevara







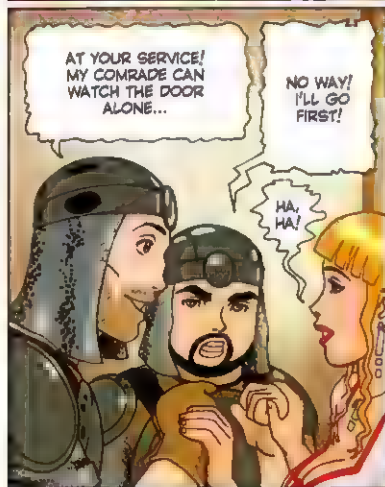


FAITHFUL GUARDS!  
AREN'T YOU BORED,  
DOING NOTHING  
HERE?

YOUR  
HIGHNESS!  
HOW CAN  
WE SERVE  
YOU?



CAN'T YOU GUESS? I'M  
LONELY, SO I CAME FOR  
SOME COMPANY...



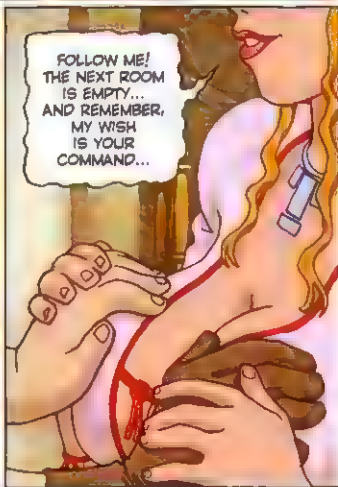
AT YOUR SERVICE!  
MY COMRADE CAN  
WATCH THE DOOR  
ALONE...

NO WAY!  
I'LL GO  
FIRST!

HA,  
HA!



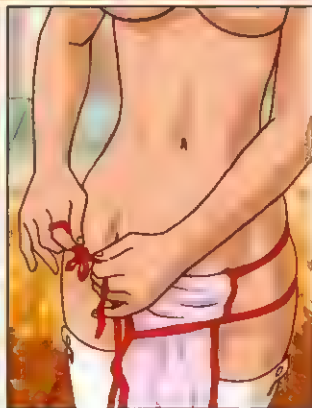
DON'T FIGHT OVER ME...  
ACTUALLY, TODAY I'D LIKE A  
DOUBLE DOSE...



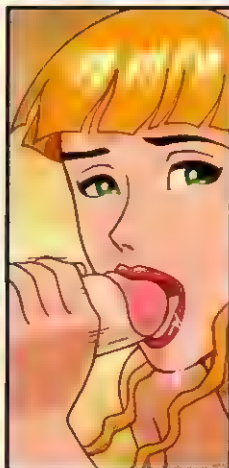
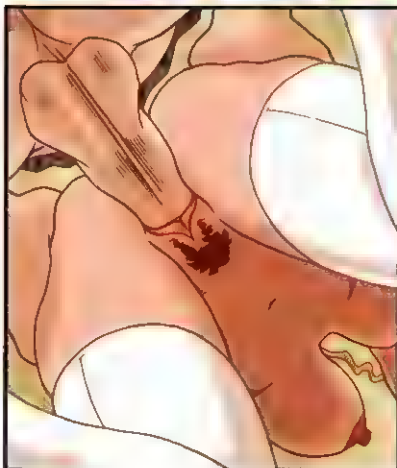
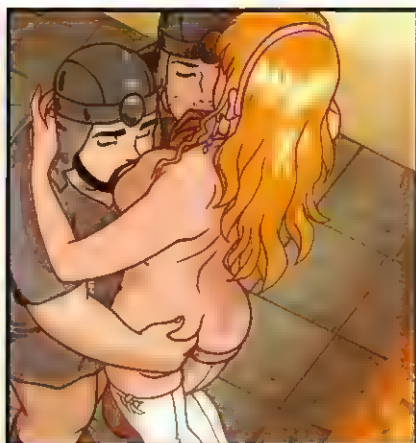
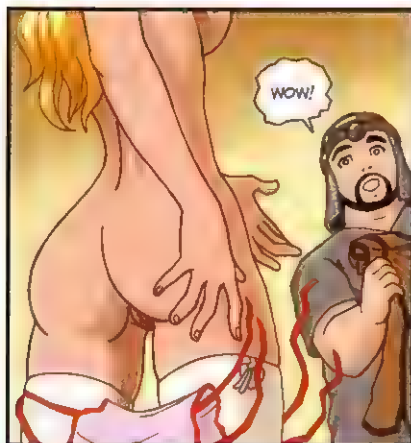
FOLLOW ME!  
THE NEXT ROOM  
IS EMPTY...  
AND REMEMBER,  
MY WISH  
IS YOUR  
COMMAND...

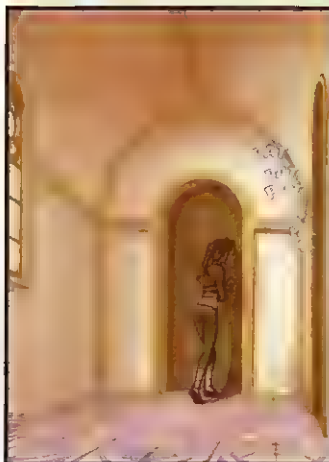
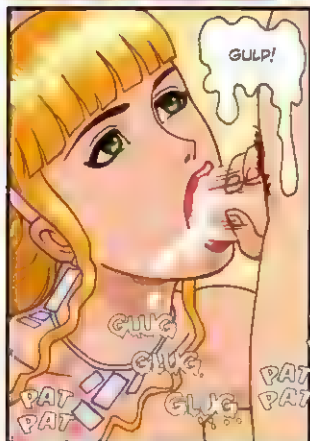
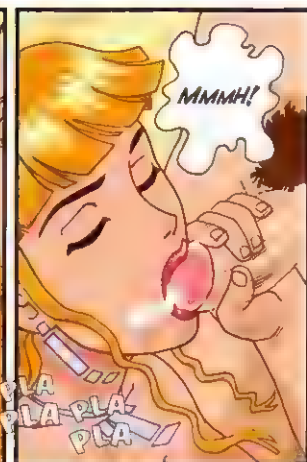
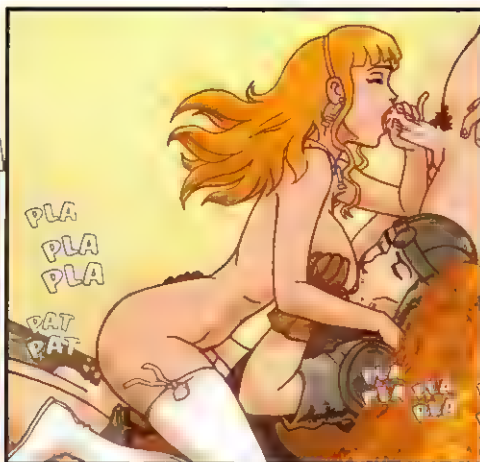
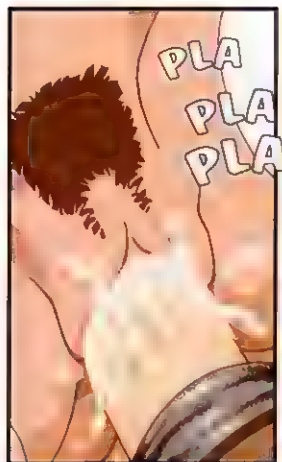


WAIT THERE! I'LL TELL YOU  
WHEN YOU CAN COME  
CLOSER.

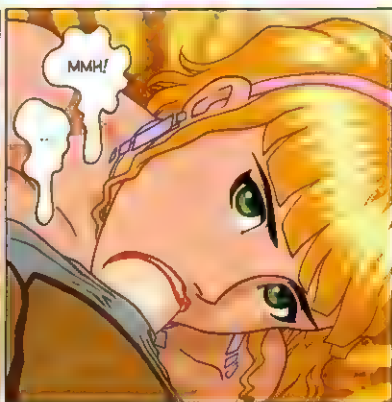
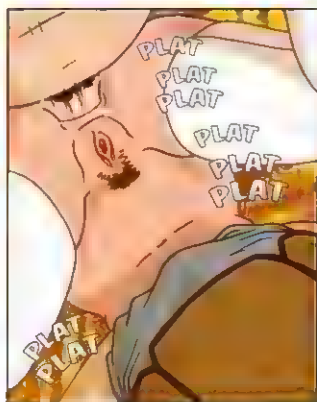
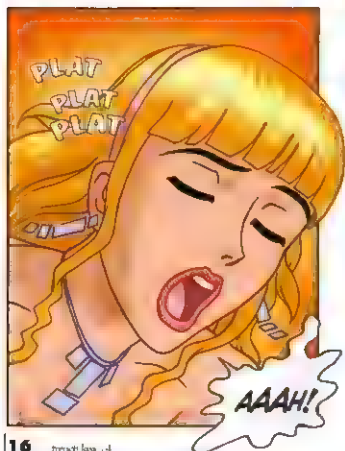
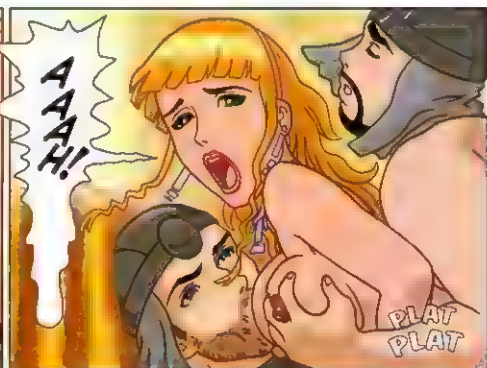
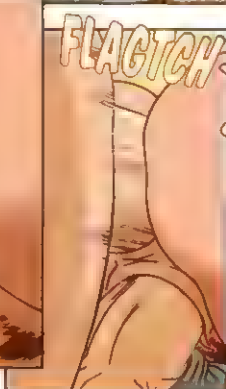
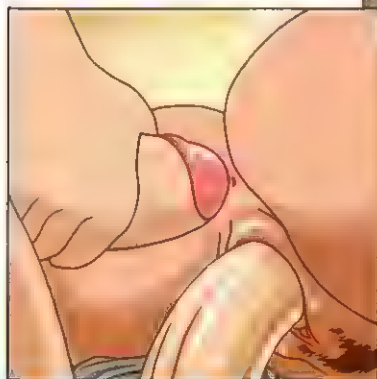
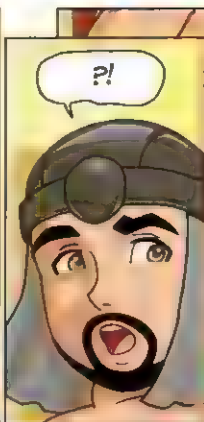


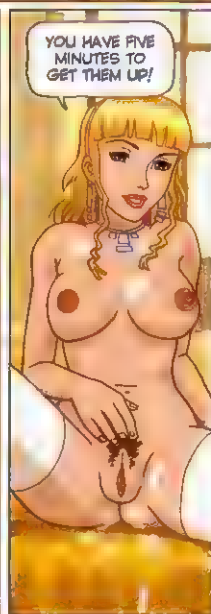
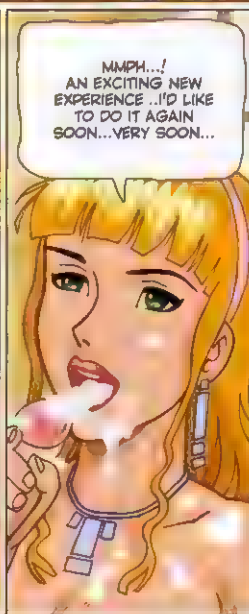
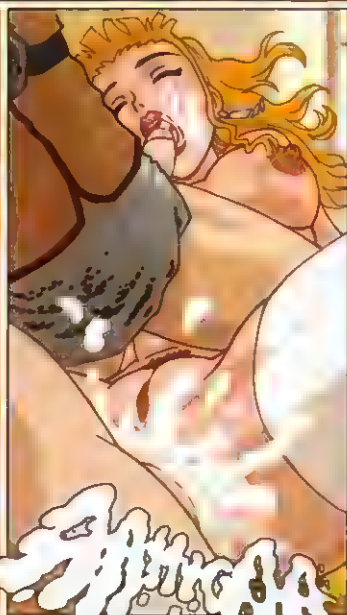
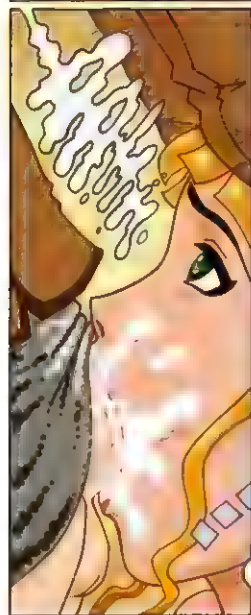
















JUST IN TIME!

NOW WE MUST PLAN A RETURN TO THE CASTLE TO RESCUE MY UNCLE OSKAR... THE ZANKOKUS HAVE TAKEN CONTROL OF HIS WILL!



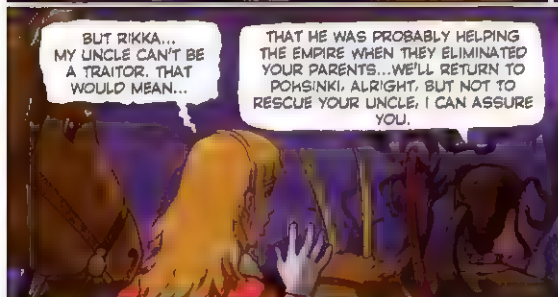
WILL? DON'T BE AN IDIOT, KAISLA. THE KING KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DOING.

DON'T CALL ME IDIOT! REMEMBER YOUR POSITION ON THE SOCIAL SCALE!



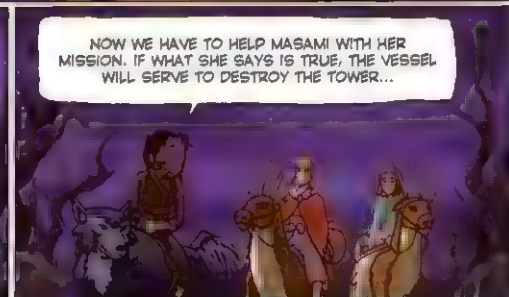
FORGET THAT SHIT! I MADE A VOW TO YOUR PARENTS TO PROTECT YOU, BUT YOUR BLUE BLOOD IS NO DIFFERENT FROM MINE IN THIS SITUATION...

IDIOT!



BUT RIKKA... MY UNCLE CAN'T BE A TRAITOR. THAT WOULD MEAN...

THAT HE WAS PROBABLY HELPING THE EMPIRE WHEN THEY ELIMINATED YOUR PARENTS... WE'LL RETURN TO POHSINKI, ALRIGHT, BUT NOT TO RESCUE YOUR UNCLE, I CAN ASSURE YOU.



NOW WE HAVE TO HELP MASAMI WITH HER MISSION. IF WHAT SHE SAYS IS TRUE, THE VESSEL WILL SERVE TO DESTROY THE TOWER...



YES, IT'S TRUE... THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO DEFEAT THE EMPIRE...

WHAT EMPIRE? WHAT TOWER? THE ONLY THING I WANT IS TO RECOVER MY KINGDOM!



DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION, MASAMI KAISLA IS A BIT RUDE, BUT SHE'LL GET OVER IT...

YOU CAN COUNT ON US.



WELL... GOOD-BYE MY KINGDOM! HOW I'LL MISS THE SOLDIERS!

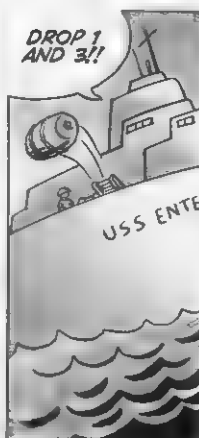
BELEVE ME KAISLA . YOU WON'T MISS THEM...

FOR WHATEVER THE REASON, WITH SOME WOMEN, YOU NEVER KNOW IF YOU'RE GONNA GET ANY.

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LAY A DEPTH CHARGE ON THEM.

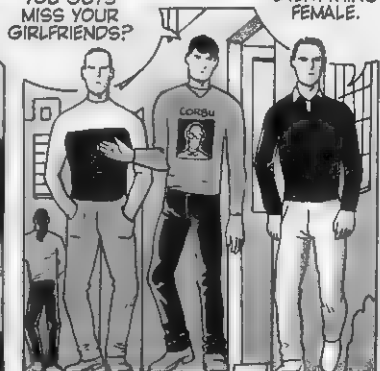
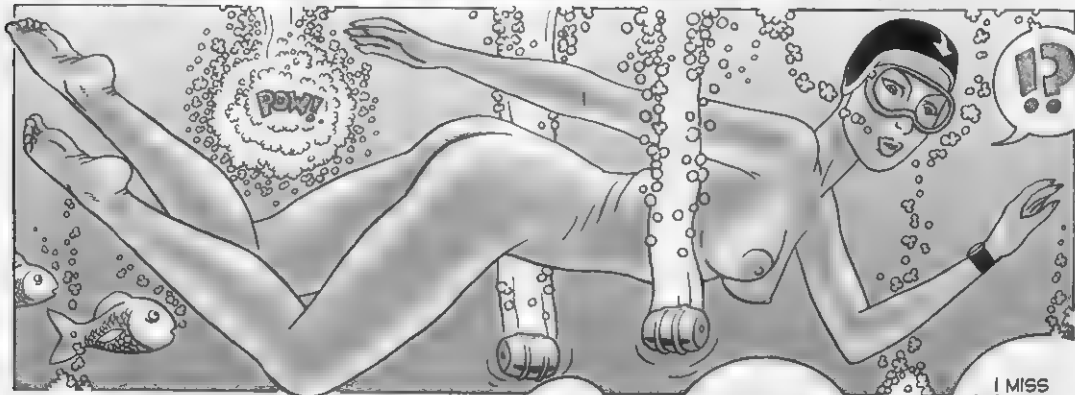
IT'S RISKY, BUT WITH THESE CHICKS YOU NEVER KNOW.

YOU MIGHT JUST GET SOME IF YOU'RE LUCKY.



# HOUSEWIVES getting some

Depth Charge  
by Armas



A STUDENT  
APARTMENT IN A  
UNIVERSITY TOWN.  
FOUR O'CLOCK,  
COFFEE TIME.



THE COURSES WERE HARD AND THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR MUCH.



...CAUSE IT'S MY MOST FAITHFUL LOVER.



...IS GETTING OUT OF HAND.



DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THOSE MOMS ARE EYEING US.



I'M SURE THEY'D FALL FOR THIS CUTIE.



I'M GONNA WRITE OUR ADDRESS ON THIS NAPKIN AND GIVE IT TO THEM.



OH NOP WATCH CLOSELY, BOY.

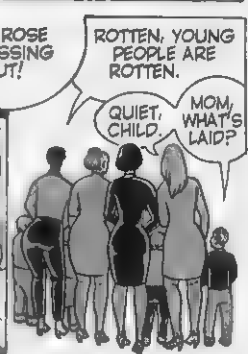


AND OFF GOES MIKE WITH  
WHAT I'D CALL A REAL DEPTH  
CHARGE!



WAY TO GO,  
MIKE!

THAT'S WHAT I  
CALL BALLS!



BESIDES THE RISK, THE PROBLEM  
WITH DEPTH CHARGES IS THEY  
DON'T ALWAYS EXPLODE AT  
THE RIGHT MOMENT...



















YOU WOULDN'T DARE COME IN MY FACE!?

OH, YES, GIVE IT TO ME, PLEASE!

OH, SHIT...LAP, LAP, GULP!

YES, SOAK ME WITH CUM!

MMH...!

NOW BACK TO THE SCALE MODEL.

AND THE THEORY OF JUSTIFICATION!

ANOTHER NIGHT WITH NO SLEEP!

YOU GOTTA GO GIRLS.

HOW UNROMANTIC!

YOU DIDN'T EVEN ASK US BACK.

W-WHY ARE YOU HANDING US OUR CLOTHES?

AND WHY ARE YOU OPENING THE DOOR?

SUN-OVA-BITCH.

THEY KICKED US OUT... PIGS!

THAT'S WHAT WE GET FOR FUCKING KIDS!

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT? IS MY FACE FULL OF CUM?

# Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



## FOUND IN TRANSLATION

Japanese artists have always fascinated those trying to be the hippest members of their generation but in reality are mostly dweebs with hang-ups about social licentiousness, obsessed with technology, and as **Volker Grassmück** says, indies who won't deal with the establishment and who are the culmination of consumer culture. The biggest underground force capitalism could have imagined. And after that sociological reflection, we can concentrate on *Tokyo Girls*, another book filled with nicely reproduced photos for reading at inconvenient times

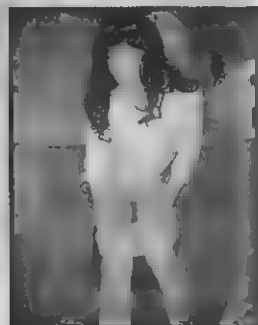
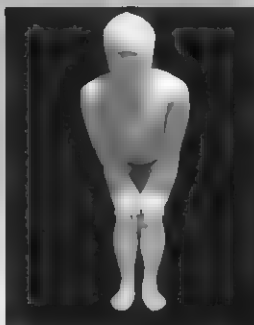
**Yasuji Watanabe** is the editor of *Sniper*, a cult magazine in Japan, and founder of the creative team *Amida 7*, at whose bosom he began his photographic work, part of which can be seen at [www.l.ttcn.ne.jp/~anjindesign/yasujiwatanabe.html](http://www.l.ttcn.ne.jp/~anjindesign/yasujiwatanabe.html). In this luxurious volume published by **Edition Reuss**, the discussion is typical of the Japanese, artists or not: infantilization, games, physical fragility, solitude, biological turmoil, sex objects and accidental sexiness. Watanabe's taste is peerless, imbued with ad clips and foreign films, more dramatic than over-hyped star **Azumi** but gentler in his approach and thus more appealing to Western tastes. *Tokyo Girls* isn't a wanna-be erotic book unless you think that mixing food, outlandish fetishes and fully clothed urbanites isn't eroticism. But Watanabe isn't complacent when it comes to foolishness, and between fetish and phobia presents us with a ton of apathetic pussies, cotton panties and tied up girls as only the Japanese can and everyone else can only imitate.

**TOKYO GIRLS**

**Yasuji Watanabe**

**Edition Reuss**

In bookstores with imported titles or at [www.edition-reuss.de](http://www.edition-reuss.de)



## FLOOR LENGTH DRESSES

Continuing with the Japanese theme, a bizarre, but not too outlandish recommendation. That the Japanese are our friends but are really kinky isn't news to anyone. And if you've got any doubt about that, visit this web page. The first impression is disturbing but a few more looks and our curiosity is piqued. Yes, it's perverse, but it's also fascinating. It's about what we perceive in photos and nothing more: galleries of totally anonymous women cinched into one-piece suits, everything visible but nothing exposed. A fetish that promotes the depersonalization and anonymity of the object of desire. Textures, colors, broad gestures that are undeniably feminine. This taste for depersonalization while suggesting all the hidden curves through materials like latex, leather and wool is called *zentai*, and is one of the many particular fetishes that the Japanese get into like no one else.

[kiga.hp.infoseek.co.jp/zentai.html](http://kiga.hp.infoseek.co.jp/zentai.html)

(Continued on page 35)

francis & Taylor 27

# REM

Gabriel R.

REAL PEOPLE'S STORIES,  
FANTASIES, DREAMS AND  
SEXY NIGHTMARES

"...WHICH ISN'T TOO FAR  
FROM THE TRUTH."

"SIGH"

HEY  
MONEY...

ENJOYING  
THE VIEW?

"I HAD A DREAM THAT I WAS  
ALONE AND IN THE MIDDLE OF  
NOWHERE..."

H-  
HELLO.

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

HUH?  
NOTHING,  
NOTHING...

HEY,  
DON'T LIE,  
I CAN READ YOU  
LIKE AN OPEN BOOK.

YOU'RE  
THINKING ABOUT  
GIRLS, RIGHT?  
ABOUT NAKED  
WOMEN...

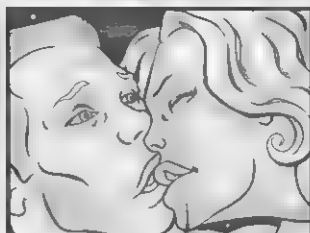
NO,  
SERIOUSLY...

COME ON...  
THINKING ABOUT  
TITTIES LIKE  
THESE?

ABOUT A TIGHT  
ASS LIKE  
MINE?

ABOUT A SOFT  
PUSSY LIKE  
THIS?

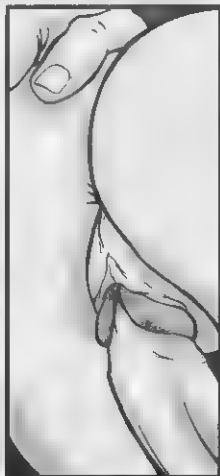














READY!  
YOU'RE  
INSIDE ME  
NOW.



AND NOW WHAT?  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
ABOUT GOING  
UP?



HEY, WE'RE  
TAKING  
FLIGHT...



DON'T WORRY,  
I WON'T LET  
YOU GO...



COME A  
LITTLE CLOSER  
TO MY LIPS...



...SO I CAN READ  
YOU BETTER.



WAS THAT WHAT  
YOU HAD IN MIND?  
FOR ME TO TURN  
AROUND?



WELL,  
ALMOST...THAT'S  
LIKE WHAT I  
THOUGHT...

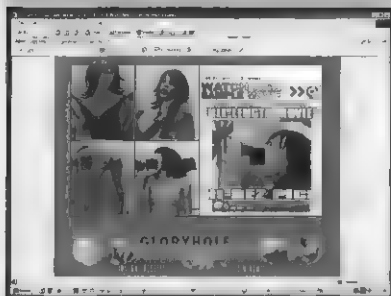




# Under the counter

(Continued from page 27)

by Ruben Lardin



## NO ONE'S DICK

Women, although they deny it, also focus their sexual interests in the penis. The most priggish would say it's all about little nibbles on the neck, and thus and that, but when they get hot below the belt where they're made for a good pokin', there the silliness ends. The penis is a symbol, object of desire, specific representation of possible plenitude and the ultimate objective of female horniness. That's why the places specializing in this sort of interchange are hot and happening when at other times they were fodder only for the most daring. Like a natural derivation of typical dark room or XXX movie theater naughtiness, playing with an anonymous member through an orifice made for this purpose seems to be the thing at sex-shop booths for "all" audiences. Let's have a look. A woman or a girl goes into a booth, alone or accompanied. In the adjacent booth, a guy puts his dick in the hole and gets off. Personally, I'm not into the idea of being blown by an anonymous woman without any visual stimulation unless there's no other option; besides, it'd make me a little paranoid. I can't speak for you guys. But to see women so uninhibited, so greedy for cock and so sincere because of the anonymity, that would get us all off. If you want to check all this out, I'll leave you with a couple of sites where you'll find tons of material, along with other possibilities. You're welcome—don't mention it.

[www.gloryhole.com](http://www.gloryhole.com)

[www.milfthotforfun.com](http://www.milfthotforfun.com)



MANIACOS 33

And now an exotic product for those of you who can read Spanish. In the Internet age, paper fanzines don't seem so with it, but there are still powerful, important ones. *2000 Maniacos* from Spain is still cutting edge, and just as any excuse is a good one for throwing a party, this zine is celebrating 15 years of fringe journalism. Fifteen years talking about B, Z and X films. Fifteen years of raunchiness and fifteen years of cultural commentary free of hang-ups. In issue 33, the contents are as juicy as ever and as loaded with rage and disaster. An article on the life and work of José María Ponce, directly responsible for the internationalization of Spanish porn, who's also interviewed; a chat in the production studios with Pedro Temboury, a crazy-ass Spaniard who just finished filming a movie called *They Stole Hitler's Dick*; the second part of the mega-interview with José Ramón Larraz, creator of titles as vital and exciting in Spanish cinema as *A Visit with Sin*; an interview with the entertaining Bud Spencer; another with Russ Meyer; a review of the psychotronic adventures of the superagent from the *Get Smart* series, and even a one-page story in which *The Prisoner* denounces the plagiarizing he was a victim of in *The Sea Inside*, the film by Amenábar that won the Best Foreign Film Oscar. It's clear that *2000 Maniacos* is still in tip-top form and that new Latino generations will grow up strong and healthy with their dose of...cinema. We're really looking forward to the next issue, which they've announced will be a special edition, watch out!... *Girls Only!*

**2000 Maniacos**

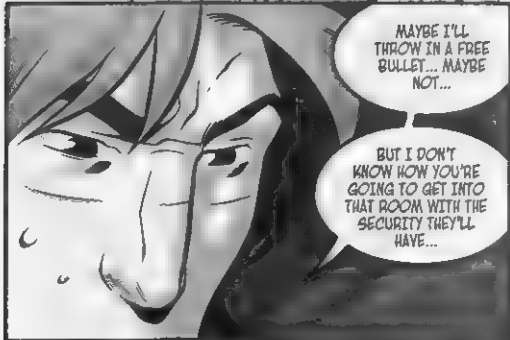
Subscribe by writing to Manuel Valencia, Apdo. 5251, 46080 Valencia, Spain or send an e-mail: [manolin@inikia.es](mailto:manolin@inikia.es)



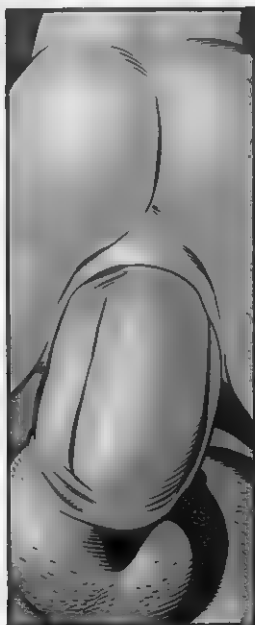
# Incredible Stories

CHARLIE

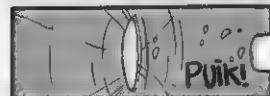
















brings you the best of today's porn cinema: explosive actresses, hard'n'heavy actors, movie shoots, film releases, hot festivals...

## JANINE

The blond bombshell from California



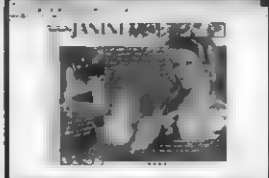
The return of the porn star Janine has the industry buzzing...as well as all the fans of good old American porn. Her new movie, *Maneater*, directed by Paul Thomas, shows her, for the first time, fucking actors with hair on their chests. The 90s, when she reached the heights of porn Olympia as "the lesbian queen", are well over. Now in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, Janine is back again. With more tats and bigger tits...and ready to devour all men who come her way!

### CALIFORNIA HOT

Our explosive blond was born March 14, 1968 in Mirada, a tiny, forgotten town in California. She was baptized Janine Lindemulder, and right away she stood out as one of the prettiest girls in school. Tall, flashy, brazen...the typical California cheerleader able to make guys lose their minds. "I didn't like school at all," Janine remembers. "I always snuck off with the bad boys. They were crazy years: too many parties, too much sex and too many drugs."

### TEMPTATION'S NAME IS JANINE

Having just turned eighteen and with a killer bod, Janine graduates. The pace of her life goes from velocity to vertigo. Spending too much and barely any dollars in her pockets for a girl at an age ready to eat up the world, "the blond bombshell" decides to go for the gold and presents herself at a few photo auditions for *Penthouse*. In short time, she became the pet of the month. It's December 1987. "Getting chosen as a *Penthouse* Pet was a real stepping stone. There's a before and after that in my career," she recalls. "From one day to the next people recognized me in the street from my covers on men's magazines. I started making a lot of money and feeling more stable, not so crazy."



### TRAY

Committed to turning herself into one of the most popular sex symbols in the United States, the California nymph danced and stripped in the best night clubs. She became one of the highest-earning strippers around and took advantage of her fame, acting in thrillers and low-budget action movies like *Spring Break USA*, *Moving Target* and *Caged Fury*. Between gunshots, chase scenes and car explosions, Janine displayed her talents for the big screen, screaming, running and showing her charms. But what about...porn? Easy now, we'll get there...

### NIGHT TRIPS AND VIVID SEX

It's 1992. The spectacular Janine debuts in the XXX film directed by the exquisite Andrew Blake (*Night Trips*) and produced by Ultimate Pictures. Her scene with Julia Ann, a super hot lesbian one in which they fuck like animals, playing with an ice dildo, wound up as—according to the magazine *AVN*—one of the best "girl-girl" scenes of all times and launched Janine into the big time: an exclusive contract with *Vivid Video*, without having to fuck guys on film, lots of promotion (magazine covers, autograph signing, awards at festivals) and first-rate films. A legend was born.

### DIRTY NORTH

Between 1992 and 2002, Janine was in more than ninety X movies, mostly with Vivid. She always shared scenes, pussy eating and sweat with other actresses, never actors. That's how successes like *Blondage*, *Suite 18*, *The Player*, *Sex Player* and the different movies from the lesbian series *Where the Boys Aren't* were made.

But her lack of sex scenes with men begged the question: Can a porn star allow herself the luxury of not fucking actors like Peter North, Randy Spears or Mike Horner? She defends herself: "Of course I could stay away from guys. It's the same thing as girls who don't want to do anal scenes or get in gangbangs. I didn't want a guy's dick near me. My private life is another thing. I can have as much fun with a guy as with a girl."

### JULIA ANN

For seven years Janine formed a lethal artistic couple with her good friend Julia Ann. They hit all the American festivals with the erotic spectacle *Blondage*. Wagging tongues say that on more than one occasion and swept away by an unquenchable libido, the two porn stars had sex on site and spent the night in the slammer, accused of public indecency.

As far as women go, Janine was never confused: "My favorite is Julia Ann. She's a woman who knows what she wants and knows what you want. When we fucked, sparks flew and I had some of the best orgasms of my life."

### PUT A PIMP IN YOUR LIFE

Although Janine never shot heterosexual porn on a commercial level, her fans got what they wanted. In 1996 *Janine & Vince Neil: Hardcore & Uncensored*, a home movie in which the golden blond had sex with the Mötley Crüe singer, came out. This urban legend turned into reality, in addition to her frequent late night appearances with Jay Leno and on *Blink 182* and Vince Neil's videos, made Janine a pop star. "I love feeling like a goddess and that everyone's hanging all over me," she proudly affirms. "I adore traveling all over the world, staying in the most expensive hotels and having a ton of admirers waiting



for autographs. What more could I ask for?"

#### MAN LAYER

Lured by a multimillion contract, Janine has finally decided to fuck a guy in a movie. In *Maneater* she stars in three scenes: first with Nick Manning, then in a three-way with Dale de Bone and Angelica and lastly, with Julian. The porn superstar thrashes and moans, but still oozes eroticism and excitement. She's a little too heavily tattooed, and those rings in her nipples and clitoris are distracting, but watching her is exciting...really exciting. Her fans know that and they're turning this new movie directed by Paul Thomas and produced Vivid into the most-watched film of the year. And you, what are you waiting for?

#### WE'RE YOURS, JANINE!

I forgot: if you want to find out everything there is to know about your favorite actress, you can visit her official web page, which contains a ton of exclusive material for you to enjoy to the fullest. Go to: [www.totallyjanine.com](http://www.totallyjanine.com). And if you're the letter-writing type, take note of her fan club addresses: 1601 N. Sepulveda Blvd. #507, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266-5133 Or: 9016 Wilshire Blvd. #342, Beverly Hills, CA-90211. If she's got some spare time and likes what you send in, she might even send you a personal letter. Good luck!



#### JANINE IN THE FLESH

These are the best XXX movies this super sexy blond has filmed. Don't miss a single one!

1992  
*Hidden Obsessions*

1994  
*Blondage*  
*Vagablonde*  
*Channel Blonde*  
*Women In & Out of Uniform*  
*Extreme Sex 3: Wired*  
*Suite 18*

1995  
*Layover*  
*The Player*

1996  
*Lethal Affairs*  
*Body Language*

1997  
*Broken Promises*  
*Sex Player*  
*Temporary Positions*

1998  
*Where the Boys Aren't*, vol. 10

1999  
*Seven Deadly Sins*  
*Blondage 3*

2000  
*All Night Dinner*  
*King of the Load*

2001  
*Deep Inside Racquel Darrian*  
*Deep Inside Nexus*  
*Sleeping Booty*

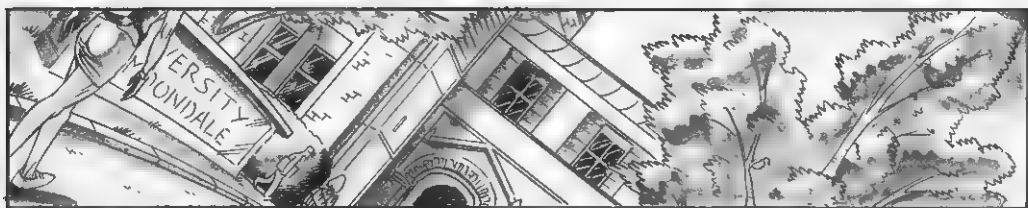
2003  
*Red, White & Blond*

2004  
*Valley Cats*  
*Nasty as I Wanna Be Nikki Tyler*  
*Maneater*





# A MATTER OF TASTE











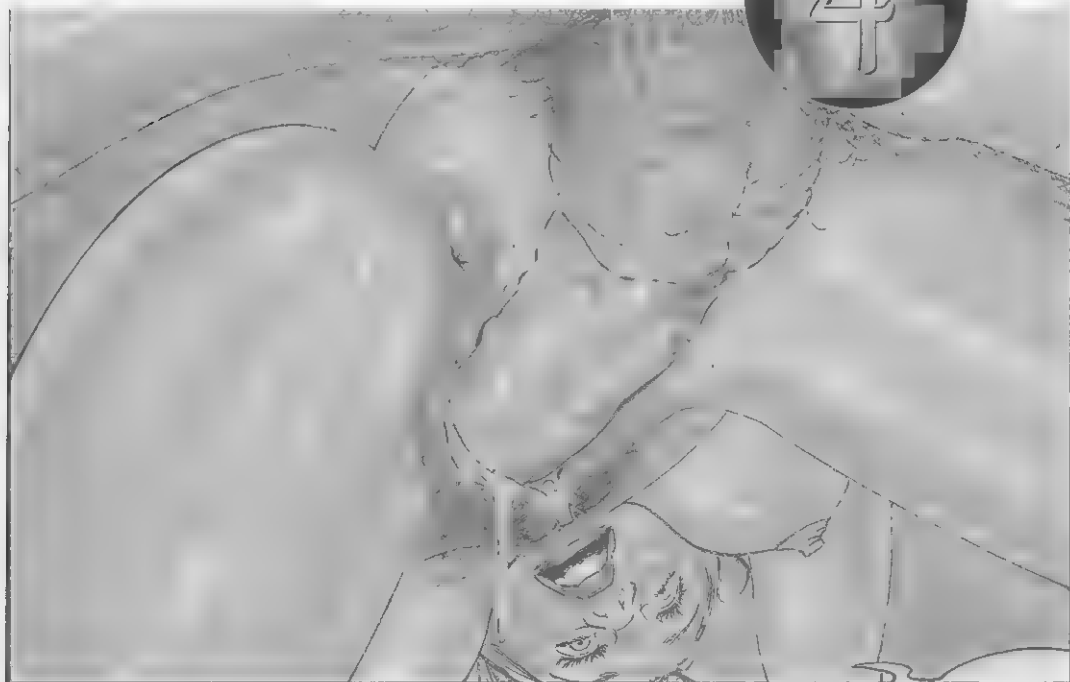


THE END

# Rain-bow

by Ferocius

Jim illustrates hard-core porno for AAH! Magazine, but it's signed by his nephew Rain, who takes all the credit for it with fans and the media, as if he were the author. Jim contributes his fantastic illustrations and Rain his pretty face. Both of them benefit from the deal. Jim has re-launched his career as an illustrator and Rain is taking advantage of his popularity among the female fans to make it with lots of attractive girls. And so, our Rain jumped from bed to bed until he met up with what may be his definitive lover, a girl he had a torrid romance with in our last episode that went beyond mere sexual satisfaction. Just when it seemed like things couldn't get any better, Rain opened the latest issue of AAH! and was shocked to see several letters in the "Letters from Our Readers" section putting him down as an artist and saying they should throw him out of the mag. At the same time the letters praised another contributor to the publication, Navajo Jack. Of course Rain couldn't know that it was Navajo Jack, himself, writing the letters under false names because he was pissed off that nobody was paying attention to his work....





INSTEAD OF PROTESTING DIRECTLY TO HIS EDITOR, CLARENCE RETURNED TO THE PATRIARCH'S HOMESTEAD, THE RAIN-BOW RESIDENCE...

DON'T LET IT GET TO YOU, MY DEAR GRANDSON, IT'S FREE PUBLICITY.

NONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS ARE GOING TO DROP YOU BECAUSE OF THESE ANONYMOUS LETTERS. I'M SURE THEY'LL SUPPORT YOU.

YOU THINK SO?

THE FUNNY THING IS, SEVERAL READERS CRITICIZE YOU AND THEY ALL HAVE THE SAME STYLE, ALTHOUGH THEY'RE WRITING FROM DIFFERENT LOCATIONS.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE A READER MENTIONS THE LAST LETTER AND SUPPORTS WHAT IT SAYS.

THE LETTERS SPEAK WELL OF SOME AND BADLY OF OTHERS, BUT THEY ALL SAY THE SAME THING: YOU SHOULD BE KICKED OUT OF THE MAGAZINE! AND...

"NAVAJO JACK IS GREAT!"

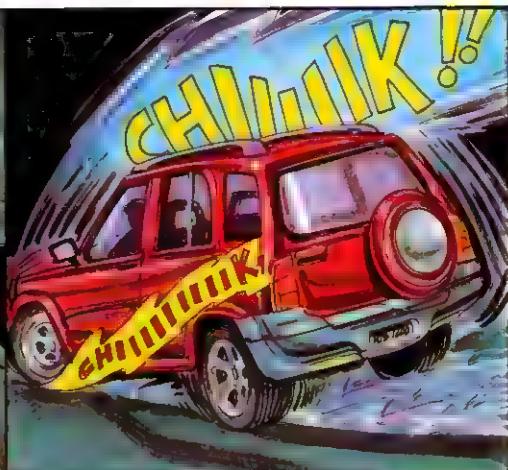
GREAT? WELL, I'M NOT ONE TO JUDGE.

DON'T YOU THINK NAVAJO JACK SHOULD PUBLICLY THANK HIS ADMIRERS FOR ALL THIS PRAISE? HA, HA, HA.

RIGHT! THE GAME IS OBVIOUS. LIKE HE WANTED ME TO FIND OUT. COULD HE BE GAY?

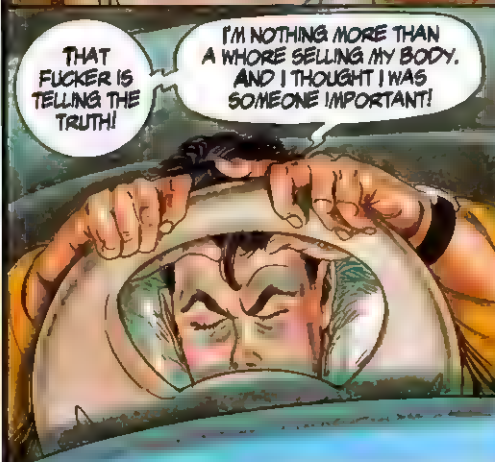
ON THE WAY HOME  
RAIN THINKS ABOUT  
OLD BOY'S THEORY.

NAVAJO JACK  
COULD BE A DUMB  
TRICKSTER. BUUT...  
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!



THAT  
FUCKER IS  
TELLING THE  
TRUTH!

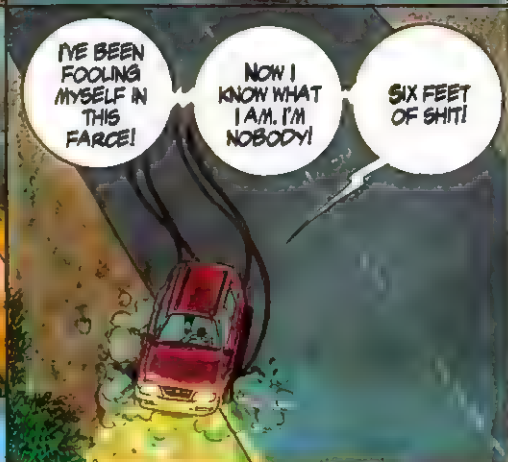
I'M NOTHING MORE THAN  
A WHORE SELLING MY BODY.  
AND I THOUGHT I WAS  
SOMEONE IMPORTANT!



I'VE BEEN  
FOOLING  
MYSELF IN  
THIS  
FARCE!

NOW I  
KNOW WHAT  
I AM. I'M  
NOBODY!

SIX FEET  
OF SHIT!



SOMEONE IS ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR HIM AT THE APARTMENT...

DARLING!  
YOU'RE FINALLY  
BACK. I MISSED YOU  
SO MUCH!

YEAH... HI.



MY LOVE!  
MY IDOL!  
MY ARTIST!  
MY HERO!  
MY ALL!





LATER

MY PUGGY  
IS IMPATIENT  
FOR YOUR  
TONGUE AND  
YOUR COCK.

MM,  
YEAH...

I'M NOT IN THE  
MOOD FOR  
FUCKING.

WHY IS MY  
SPOILED  
LITTLE COCK  
SO LIMP?

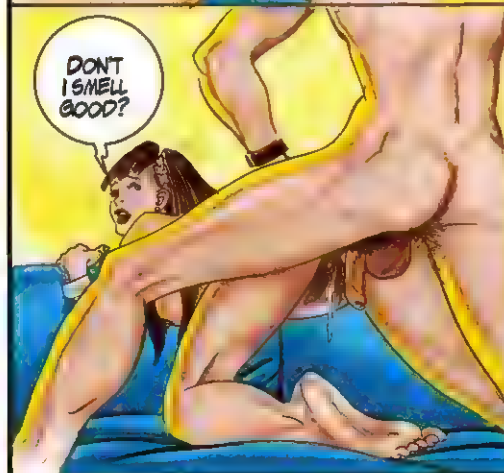
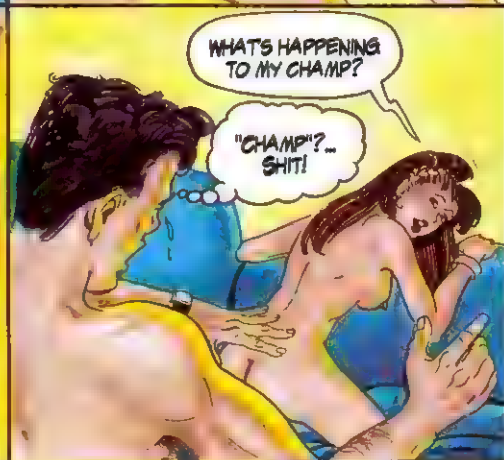
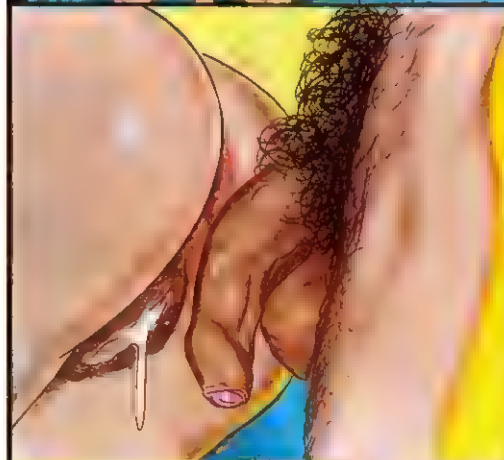
SLUB! WHAT'S WRONG?  
MY SWEET PECKER WON'T  
STAND UP!

SHIT!

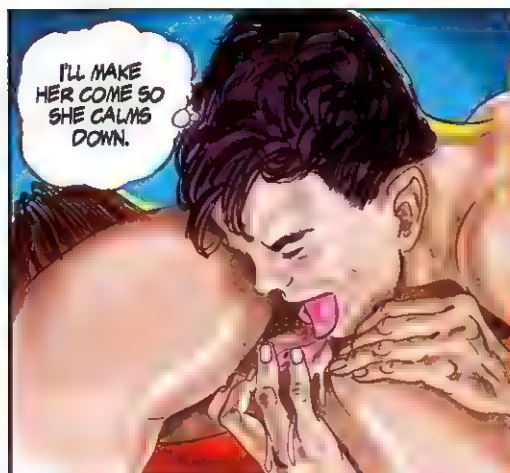
HOW'S IT  
GONNA GO IN  
MY LITTLE  
HOLE?

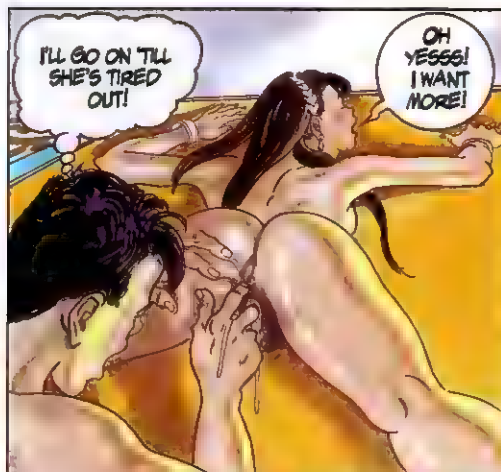
WHAT THE FUCK!  
THE SAME THING THAT  
HAPPENED TO  
SUPER-SENILE.

CLARENCE TRIES TO PLEASE THE YOUNG REPORTER.  
HE, A SEX SYMBOL, CAN'T ACCEPT THIS KIND OF  
DEFEAT. IT'S A REAL CHALLENGE!



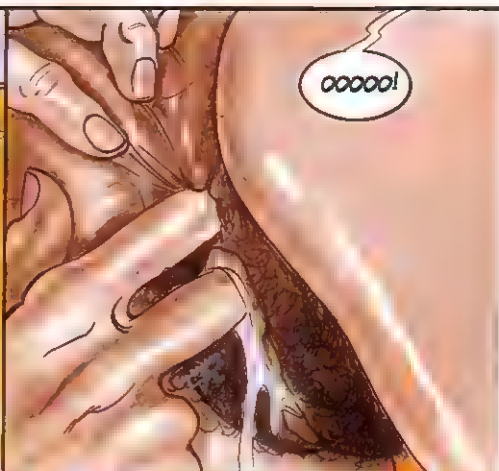






I'LL GO ON TILL SHE'S TIRED OUT!

OH YESSS! I WANT MORE!



ooooo!



OH, OH! CUMMING AGAIN!



WHEN, IT'S FINALLY GETTING UP A LITTLE!



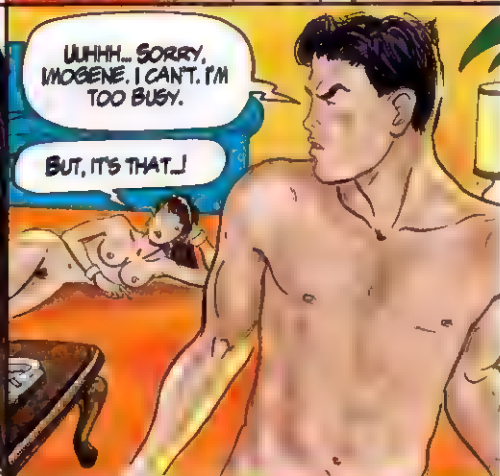
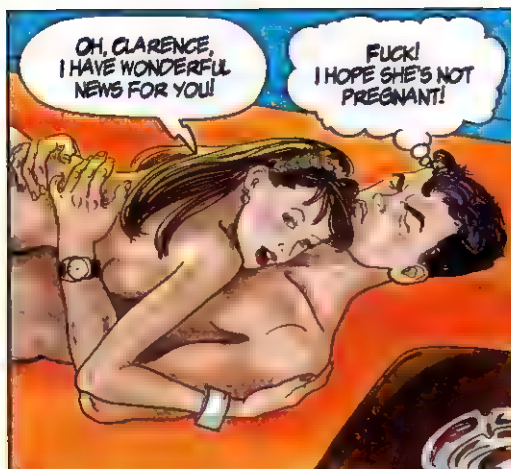
OK, I'M COMING IN!

ARE YOU CRAZY?

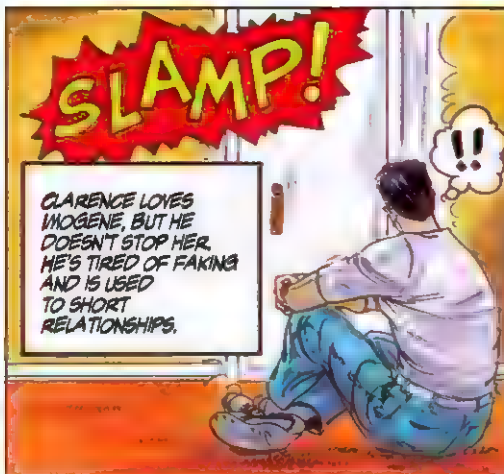


AFTER WHAT YOU JUST DID I'M ALL PLAYED OUT. OOOF!

50

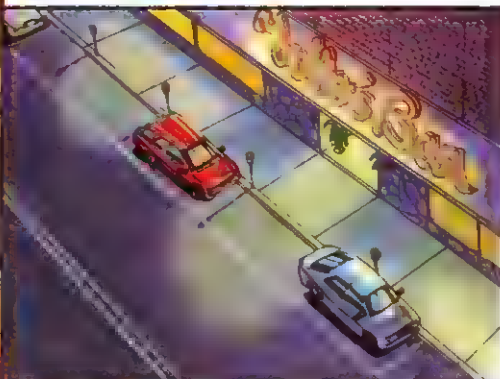




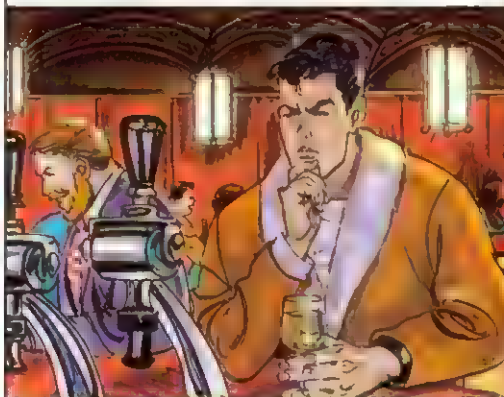


CLARENCE LOVES  
INOGENE, BUT HE  
DOESN'T STOP HER.  
HE'S TIRED OF FAKING  
AND IS USED  
TO SHORT  
RELATIONSHIPS.

MAYBE A FEW DRINKS WILL LET HIM THINK AND FIND  
SOME SOLUTIONS, WITHOUT HAVING TO CONSULT AUNT  
ROSE OR GRANDFATHER BOB.



BUT ONE THING IS CLEAR. FOR THE FIRST TIME HE'S  
LOOKING AT THIS LIFE!



MMH... I SEE THEY NEED BARTENDERS.  
CAN I BE THINKING WHAT I'M  
THINKING?



HOW  
MUCH DO  
THEY  
PAY?

400 A WEEK AT THE BAR AND  
600 IF YOU WORK THE GRILL.

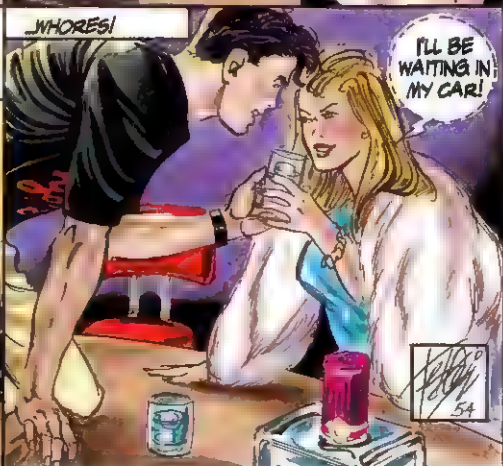
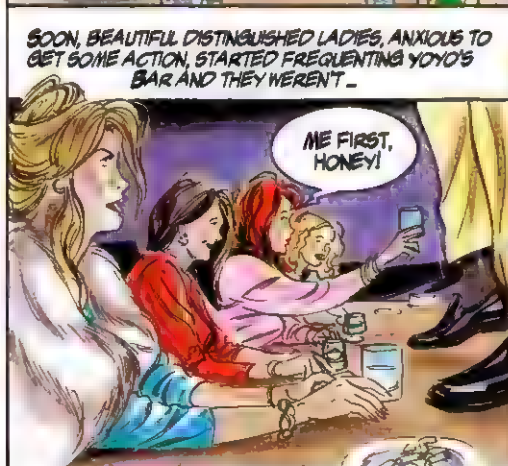
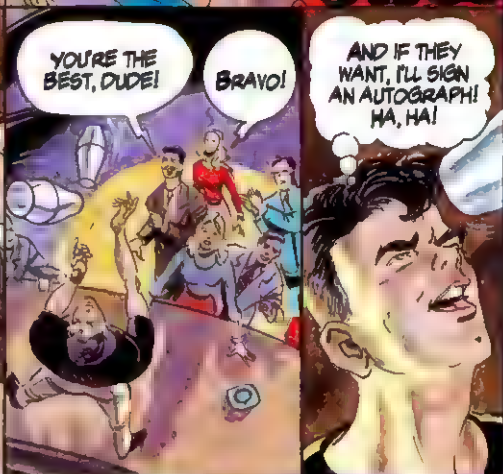


GRANDFATHER  
ONCE SAID:  
"EVERYONE HAS HIS  
OWN DESTINY. THE  
QUESTION IS TO  
FIND IT."



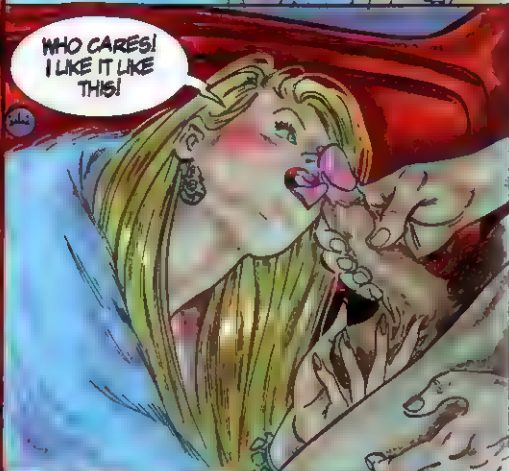
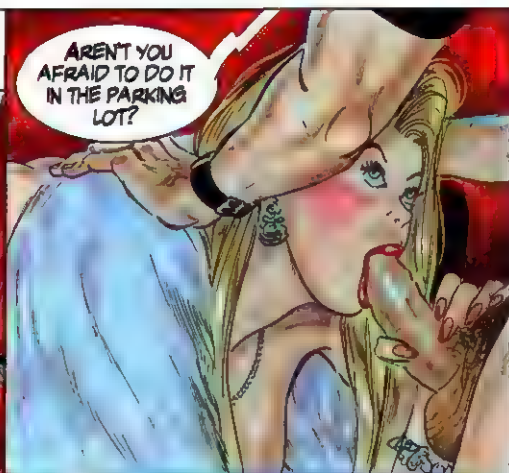
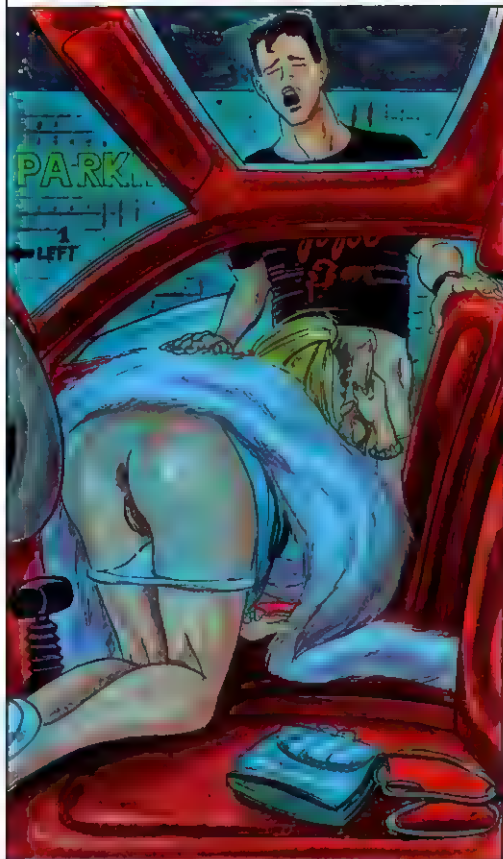


AND THAT'S HOW CLARENCE'S LIFE TOOK A NEW TURN.

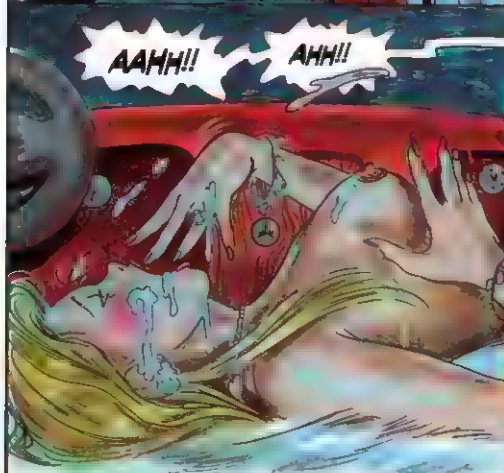
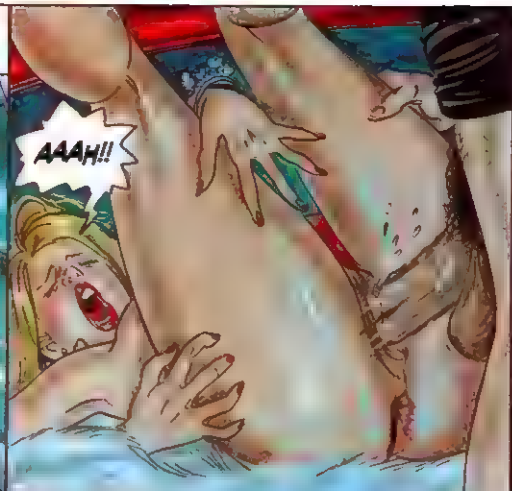




IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO REMEMBER THE NAMES OF ALL THE WOMEN RAIN FUCKED FROM THE BAR. NETTE WAS AN EXCEPTION. BUT ONE THING WAS CLEAR, RAIN WAS RAIN!



NETTE THOUGHT RAIN WAS A ROUGH, LOW-CLASS GUY.  
SHE WANTED IT CRUDE.



FOR HIS PART, RAIN GOT OFF, BUT  
HE WASN'T GETTING INVOLVED. SEX  
WAS ONLY TO MAKE HIM FEEL  
LIKE A WINNER.



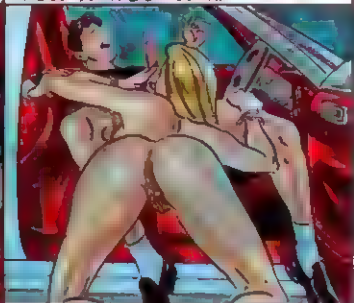
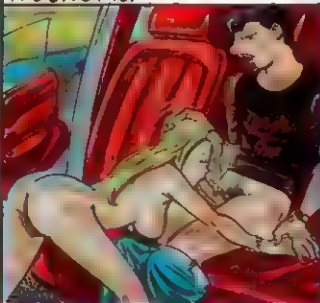
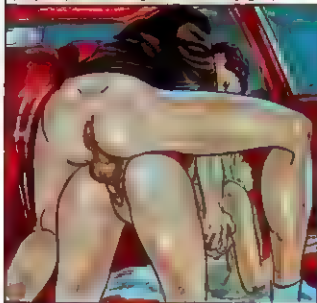
LYOGENE WAS THE ONLY WOMAN RAIN HAD EVER LOVED. BUT HE ALSO REALIZED THAT SHE LOVED A CLARENCE THAT DIDN'T EXIST. HE COULDN'T GO BACK! HE WAS DETERMINED TO FIND HIS IDENTITY.



HE'D MAKE SURE NETTE DIDN'T MISTAKE HIM FOR A TAXI-BOY.

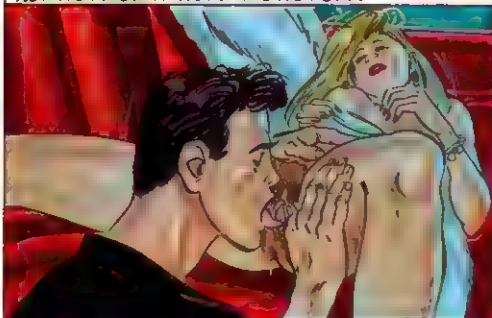
THAT'S WHY HE NEVER ACCEPTED TIPS OR GIFTS.

CLARENCE WOULDN'T DISHONOR THE PROUD RAIN-BOW CLAN.

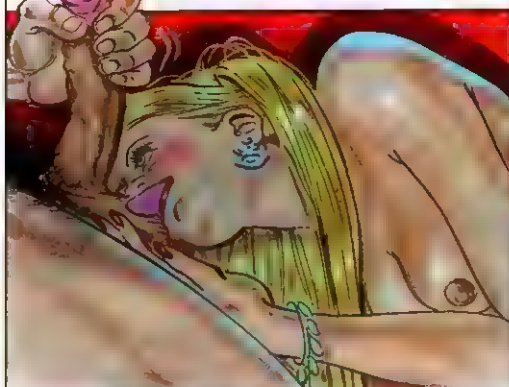


NOW HIS PRIORITY IN LIFE WAS HIS WORK.

NETTE WANTED TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM THE BAR AND RENT HIM AN APARTMENT IN MALIBU, LIKE A BIRD IN A CAGE.



BUT CLARENCE DIDN'T WANT TO BE JUST A  
STUD OR A BOY TOY.

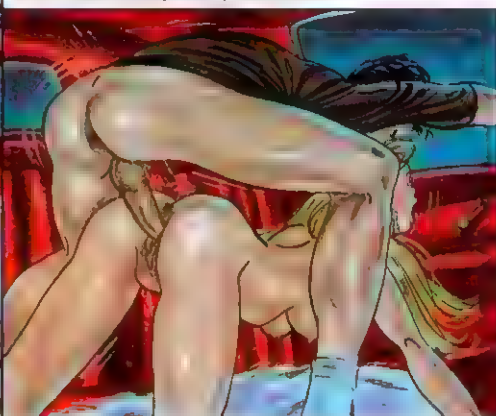
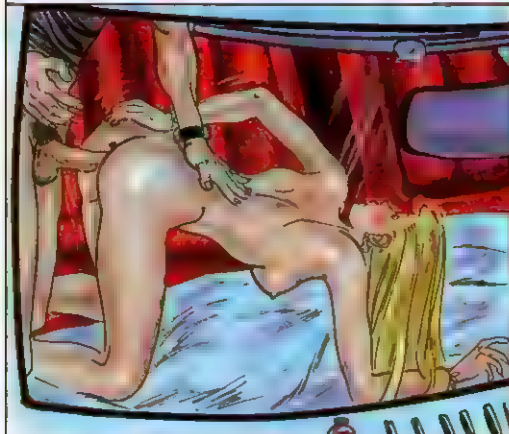


NETTE AND CLARENCE GOT TOGETHER ALMOST EVERY  
NIGHT IN THE PARKING LOT OF THE BAR.



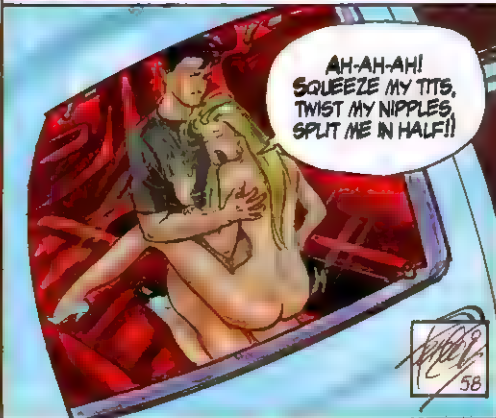
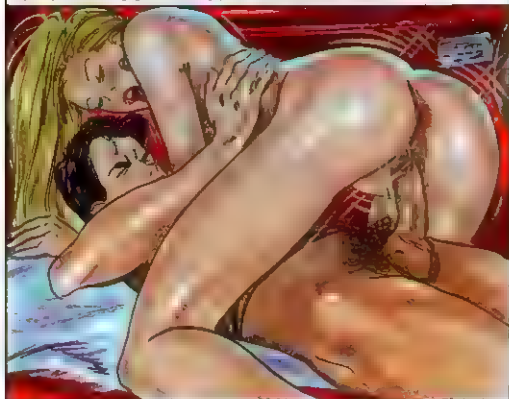
THEY ONLY FUCKED, AND HARDLY EVER TALKED.

NETTE WAS HARRIED, BUT SHE WAS REALLY HAPPY  
WITH RAIN'S LONG, HARD, THICK COCK.



THE SLUT WENT SO FAR AS TO SAY SHE WAS WILLING TO  
LEAVE HER DECREPIT HUSBAND AND CLOSE HERSELF  
IN A DIRTY ROOM WITH RAIN UNTIL SHE DIED.

RAIN WAS LAZY AND IRRESPONSIBLE, BUT HE WAS  
LEARNING.

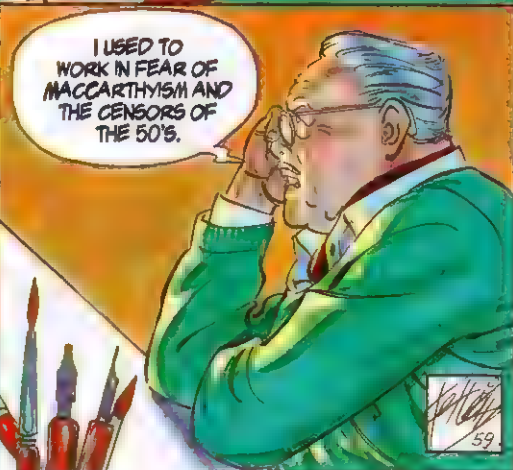
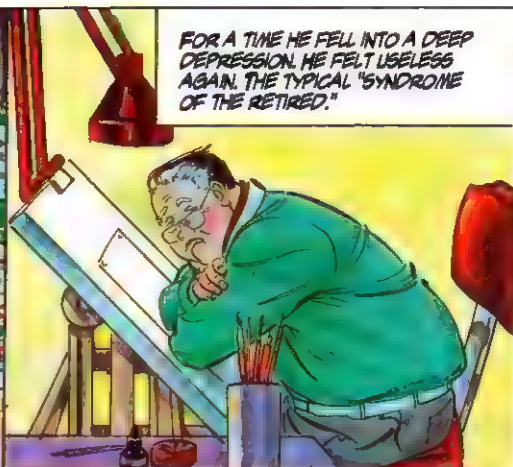


AH-AH-AH!  
SQUEEZE MY TITS,  
TWIST MY NIPPLES,  
SPILT ME IN HALF!!

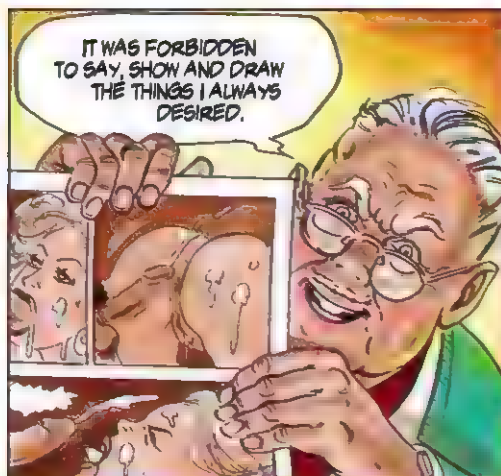
58



FOR A TIME HE FELL INTO A DEEP DEPRESSION. HE FELT USELESS AGAIN. THE TYPICAL "SYNDROME OF THE RETIRED."







IT WAS FORBIDDEN  
TO SAY, SHOW AND DRAW  
THE THINGS I ALWAYS  
DESIRED.



YOU MEAN CLARENCE  
WAS A KIND OF ALTER  
EGO FOR YOU?

YES, BECAUSE  
I'M STILL ASHAMED  
TO BE SEEN  
DOING THIS.



BUT I'M DYING TO  
KEEP ON DOING IT!



AT LEAST  
WE MANAGED THE  
IMPOSSIBLE: THE  
DAMN BUM GOT A  
JOB!



BUT OLD JIM DIDN'T SIT AROUND  
AND BROOD. HE'S SPENT THE LAST  
FEW YEARS DOING OIL PAINTINGS  
OF HIS MOST SEXUALLY EXCITING  
EROTIC SCENES. BUT NOW HE'S NOT  
INTERESTED IN PUBLISHING THEM.  
THEY'RE FOR HIM ALONE, WITHOUT  
CENSORING. NOW HE CLOSES  
HIMSELF IN HIS STUDIO AND  
FORGETS THE REST OF THE  
WORLD. THERE ON THE CANVAS  
ARE ALL HIS SECRET DESIRES,  
MADE "REAL..."



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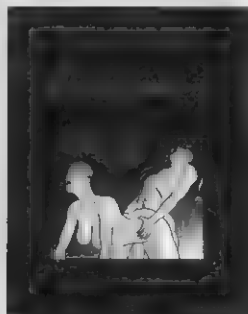
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# CONNECTED

THEY WERE BORN SIAMESE TWINS  
CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS.  
WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED,  
NOBODY FORESAW A TERRIBLE  
CONSEQUENCE.

HE COULD  
BE A CREEP!  
YOU'VE NEVER  
MET ANYONE  
THROUGH THE  
INTERNET!

THERE'S  
ALWAYS A FIRST  
TIME...

FLIRTING ON  
THE INTERNET IS  
FOR FREAKS, WITH  
THEIR CODES AND  
HINTS...

BUT I'M NOT  
SURPRISED! YOU'RE  
A FREAK! AND A  
HO! LEAVING ME  
WITH ALONE WITH  
A FEVER

FOR ONCE I'M THE ONE  
GOING OUT TO GET LAID...AND  
YOU GIVE ME THIS SHIT!

AH...

HERE  
ENTERTAIN  
YOURSELF.

OUR COUSIN ELVIRA  
SAYS THERE'S ONLY TWO  
IN THE WHOLE CITY.

VIRTUAL EJACULATOR

WHOOORE!

YOU'RE THE  
SLUT...!

BITCH...!

PAF!









I CAN'T  
HOLD BACK...  
I WANNA SEE  
WHAT'S IN  
YOUR PA...

NTS!



SURPRISE!

YOU'RE A GIRL!



BUT...  
I... UH...  
YOU

I THOUGHT  
THAT WAS  
CLEAR! YOU  
RESPONDED TO  
ALL MY CHAT  
ROOM HINTS!



HINTS? WHAT  
HINTS?

THE HINTS THAT  
WE LESBIANS USE  
TO IDENTIFY  
OURSELVES ON  
THE INTERNET



AHHH...  
YES THIS IS  
BETTER THAN  
FUCKING!

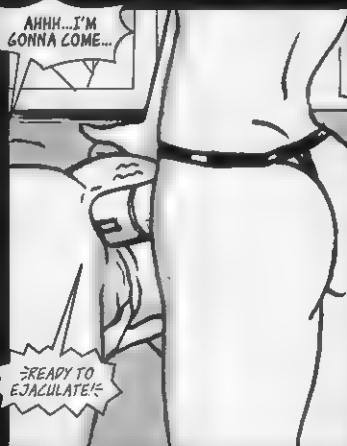
FLOODING  
FLUIDS...

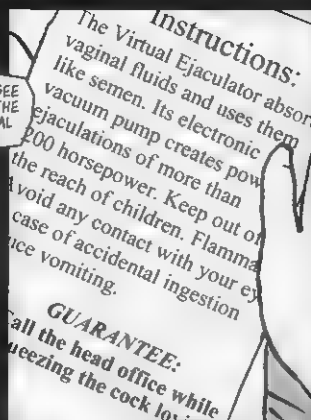


SHIT! THAT  
SLUT LUCY'S  
GOT SOMETHING  
BETWEEN HER  
LEGS

IF WHAT YOU  
NEED IS A PICK,  
IT ISN'T A  
PROBLEM...

LOOK, IT WAS  
A MISTAKE, BUT  
NOW I NEED YOU  
TO FUCK ME...





(YOU'RE WELCOME, MAN) THE END

# Bukowski is back. Bukowski is fucked.

A room in the middle of nowhere. A sink filled with bottles of mineral water. A radio that doesn't play classical music. Eleven identical dorks sitting in eleven chairs around a table

And Henry Charles Bukowski sitting in the twelfth chair.

Hell isn't exactly a lonely place, like I wrote somewhere, but it is a closed door, like I wrote some other place - he's been repeating this since March 9, 1994.

On the table, a board game called *Horses and Highways*, a pair of dice and four pieces: one red, one green, one yellow and one blue. Hank casts the dice on the board; a one and a three. He moves the blue piece and bets on horse number four. Then, three of the dorks play and make their bets. The other seven are the audience at the races. Hank swears, obsessed with his days in Hollywood Park.

If he could just lay into the eleven identical losers. But no. They're intangible. And so you can't bitch at them directly, he thinks. They don't talk or listen.

This is hell; Hank can only play this game over and over again.

For all eternity.

-All this only exists in my head. I could rip up the board into a thousand pieces and they'd have to close the track. Forever.

And Hank throws himself on the board game. But he can't get a grip on it. His hands go right through it and it slips away as if the cardboard were water. He swears. He starts a new game. Hank casts the dice with fury. Two sixes. His horse is ahead for the first time since he's been here.

-The moment to negotiate with eternity has arrived- he proclaims. Let's play hard. If I lose, I'll continue playing until I die again. If I win, I rip up the board. And I want a vat of white wine, kegs of beer, whiskey, Cuban cigars, a computer and a whore with an ass like fresh jelly and a pussy that smiles at me and I want those losers out of here

-It's my big bet- he screams.

A buzz followed by a voice invades the room: "Okay Hank, I accept your bet."

-Satan - yells Hank

The door opens. A blue light, vaporous and cold surrounds him and suddenly he finds himself in the middle of a real race course. With real horses. With nine real tracks. With real losers. With real bookies. With a screaming audience. With money in his hands. He counts it: 100 dollars. Hank looks at the tote board, the lines of people placing bets, the asses and the tits of the women who pass by. It's like I'm alive again, he says.

- This doesn't have anything to do with what I wrote about the racetrack: "I go there to sacrifice myself, to mutilate the hours, to murder them..."

Satan's voice says that if he manages to turn the \$100 into \$1000, he'll win the bet

Hank asks, "Where's the bar?"

Behind the betting windows, someone answers.

Hank opens a path through the crowd. He makes a place at the bar. He contemplates the bottles on the shelves. It's a wonderful, liberating image. He drops \$20 and asks for a beer. He drinks it down in one gulp. Another, another. The second race begins. He orders a whisky. And looks

around for a woman. He sees one at the end of the bar. Incredibly long legs, full breasts, round ass. He imagines her in bed with him. The horses are in the home stretch. The crowd roars. The P.A. system announces that 16 is the winner and 6 places.

-Perfect, I won. I would've bet on 7 and 18- he says to the bartender and orders another whisky and a Cuban cigar.

Satan's voice reminds him that there are only seven races left. Hank thinks that right now a woman would be ideal. A whore who costs...\$65 (he counts his money). He figures it'll be impossible to leave the tracks. It's part of the bet, so he won't bother looking for the way out.

Horse number 11 wins the third race, 13 wins the fourth, 5 wins the fifth, 8 wins the sixth. In the seventh, 3 wins. In the eighth, 3 wins again. Because of what's going on in the races, the atmosphere gets depressing. Only the winners and Hank are happy.

-I'm having a great day, I haven't lost a fucking dollar yet- he says to the bartender, who serves him another whisky.

One more race and everything will go back to the way it was before. Hank counts his money: \$15; he can automatically bet on the longest shot.

-It's your last chance, Satan reminds him.

-We're closing up- says the bartender

Hank orders three whiskies and pours them into a glass of paraffin.

The P.A. announces the start of a new race. It's on the main track. The crowd moves to the home stretch. Hank moves toward the ladies' room. He opens one of the stall doors and discovers the woman with long legs, full breasts and a round ass sitting on the john

-Well, I'm done; what do you want to do now, Hank?- Satan's voice asks with legs spread and a shaved bush, offering him a tight, rosy pussy.

Hank grabs her head and gives her a long kiss. Then he slips his fingers in her pussy while she takes his cock out. She brushes her lips against it. Hank squeezes her tits and makes her suck it thinking that she'll swallow his cum. Hank pushes hard up against her... and she takes his balls and greedily licks them. Hank spits on her tits. He doesn't want it to end yet. He takes his cock out of her mouth and starts licking her nipples. Then he puts it back in. He thinks that fucking her would be too much work. And so he puts it back in her mouth. She runs her tongue over his balls and his shaft, and works on the head. She takes it all into her mouth and keeps sucking. Hank controls the movement, taking it out and putting it back in so he won't come too fast; it seems like time doesn't exist anymore. What time is it? How much time has passed? he asks.

You want millions of little Hanks floating in your mouth and swimming around in your stomach, you satanic whore? - he yells when he can't hold on anymore, ready to let loose 11 years of accumulated semen.

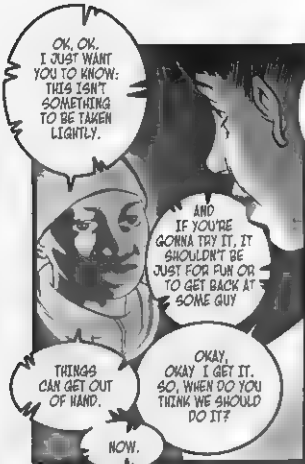
And Hank notices that he's sinking into the restroom floor. The twenty-two arms, now real and strong, of the eleven losers, pull him down. His dick rock-hard, his cum about to explode out of him, a metallic laugh and Hank's voice, piercing, howling. Satan, I want revenge!

Way down at the bottom are the board game, the dice, the colored pieces and the twelve chairs.















NOW  
WORK THAT  
MOUTH UP  
AND DOWN,  
BACK AND  
FORTH.

MMMM...



HOW'S  
THAT BOOTY?  
YOU WANNA  
FEEL THIS IN  
YOUR ASS?  
TELL ME.

YESSH

HOLD  
ON TIGHT AND  
BITE THE  
BULLET...



...HERE  
I COME...

OOOH...



AAAH...!



WHAT?!

SHHH...  
SHHH...  
CALM  
DOWN.

IT'S MY  
FRIEND



HORMY  
BLUT... HERE  
YOU GO

...YOU GOT A GUY  
NAILING YOUR ASS,  
ANOTHER CRAMMED  
IN YOUR MOUTH AND  
YOU STILL WANT  
MORE. TAKE A  
COCK IN YOUR  
PUSSY...



YESSHMMAR...

FLOP  
FLOP  
FLOP



YOU  
LIKE THAT,  
DON'T YOU?  
AND YOU WANT  
MORE!





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MAN



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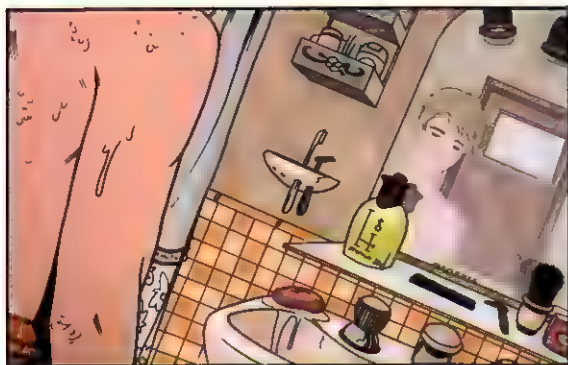
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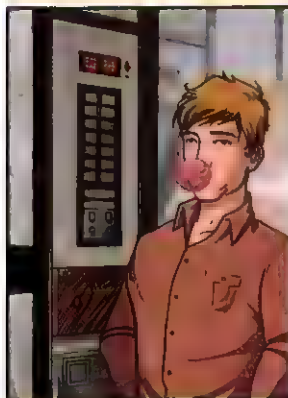




"I HARDLY EVER USED AFTERSHAVE, BUT MARTHA HAD GIVEN ME A BOTTLE..."



"...AND TONIGHT WE WERE GOING OUT TOGETHER."



"I WAS... WELL... LET'S SAY I LIKED MARTHA."



"I ALSO LIKED THE GIRL FROM NUMBER FOUR, BUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY. SHE'D BEEN THE SUBJECT OF MY FANTASIES WHILE JERKING OFF."



WHAT'S WRONG HENRY?

NO GREETINGS FOR ME?

"UNTIL THAT DAY WE'D NEVER EVEN SAID HELLO."

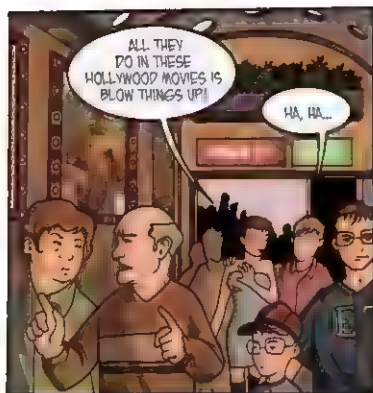


DON'T YOU LIKE ME ANYMORE?

I I'M... I'M NOT HENRY. I'M STEVE... SIXTH FLOOR, APARTMENT TWO.



OH... SORRY... YOU USE... YOUR AFTERSHAVE CONFUSED ME.



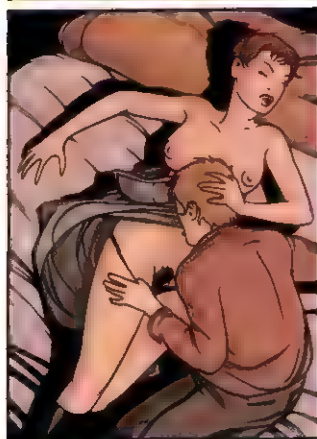
ALL THEY DO IN THESE HOLLYWOOD MOVIES IS BLOW THINGS UP!

HA, HA...

"MARTHA SEEMED TO HAVE EVERYTHING. SHE MADE ME LAUGH."



"AND, AT OTHER TIMES, SHE MADE ME GET SERIOUS."

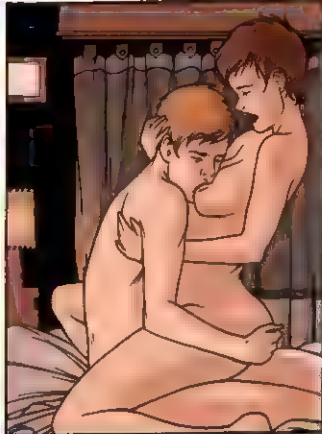


"EVERYTHING ABOUT HER WAS PINK, WARM AND SOFT..."



OH...

"LICKING MARTHA'S PUSSY WAS A SUBLIME EXPERIENCE."



"THERE WAS ONLY ONE LITTLE THING..."



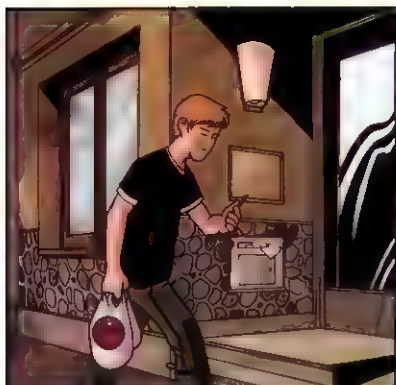
"IN THE FIVE OR SIX TIMES WE'D BEEN TOGETHER..."



DID YOU LIKE IT?

YEAH A LOT...

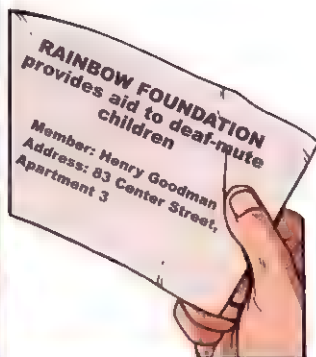
"...SHE'D NEVER GONE DOWN TO SUCK MY COCK EVEN ONCE."



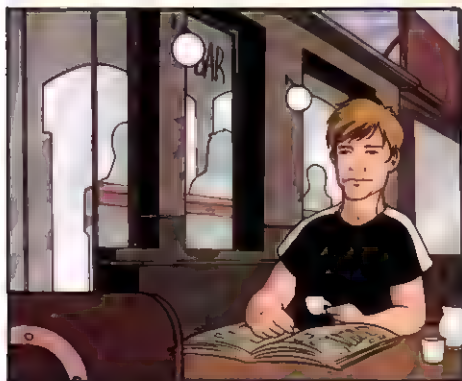
"THE HENRY INCIDENT - THAT'S WHAT I CALLED THE ENCOUNTER WITH MY NEIGHBOR IN THE ELEVATOR - HAD MADE ME CURIOUS."



"I DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE."



"LOOKED LIKE HENRY WAS A GOOD PERSON, WHO'D BEEN AWAY FOR A WHILE."



"I DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SHERLOCK HOLMES TO GET A CLEAR IDEA OF THE SITUATION."



"MY NEIGHBOR WAS BLIND, HORNY AND CHEATING ON HER HUSBAND."

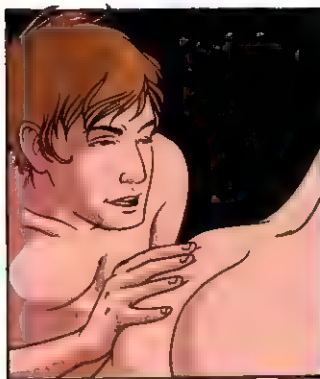


"I COULDN'T HELP IMAGINING HER WITH THE MYSTERIOUS HENRY'S COCK IN HER MOUTH..."

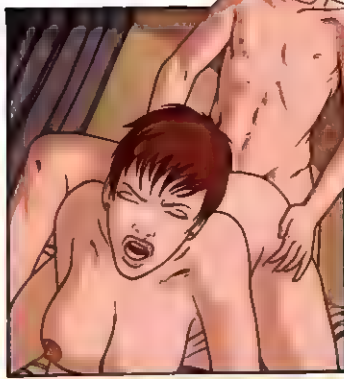


"... AND THAT NIGHT I CALLED MARTHA, READY TO PROVOKE HER FIRST BLOW JOB."

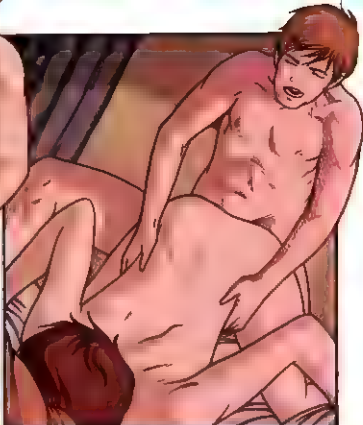




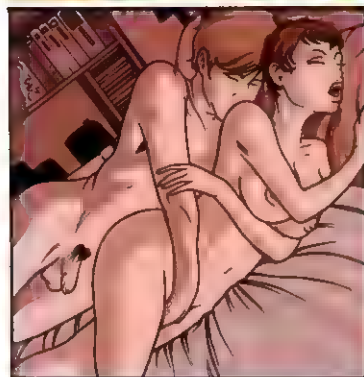
"AS I SAID, I LIKED MARTHA A LOT,  
AND IT WAS MORE THAN JUST SEX."



"I WON'T SAY I WAS THINKING ABOUT A  
HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY TO RAISE OUR  
EIGHT KIDS."



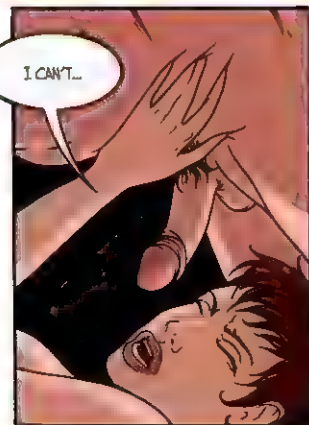
"THAT WOULD BE AN EXAGGERATION. BUT  
I WANTED TO BE A GENTLEMAN...SUBTLE."



"I WASN'T GONNA PUT MY HAND ON HER  
HEAD AND PUSH IT DOWN"

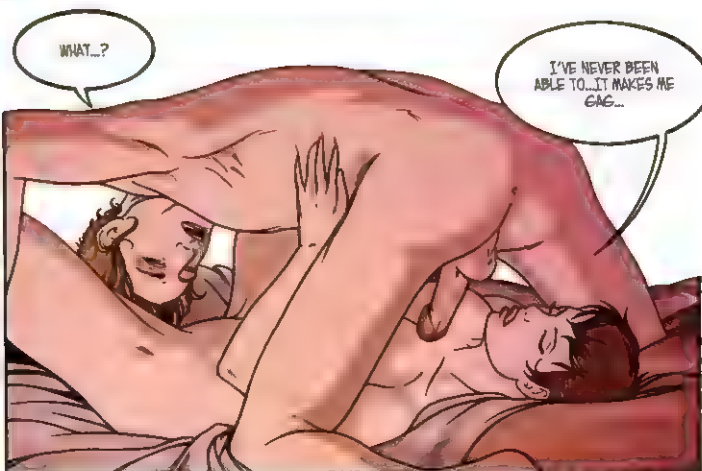


"I THOUGHT THE BEST WOULD BE TO TRY A 69..."



I CAN'T...

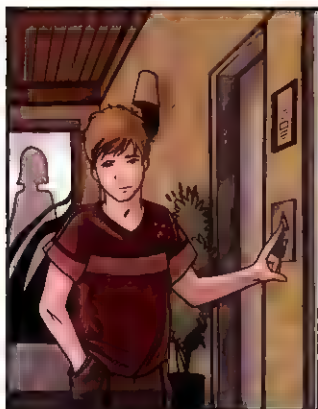
"...WITHOUT TALKING"



WHAT...?

I'VE NEVER BEEN  
ABLE TO...IT MAKES ME  
EAG...





"COULD I HAVE EIGHT KIDS WITH A WOMAN WHO COULDN'T DO IT?"



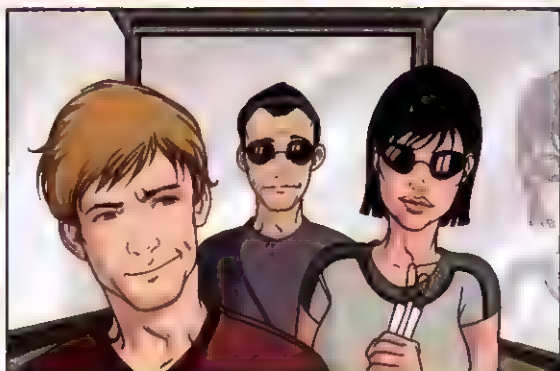
"THAT'S WHAT I WAS ASKING MYSELF WHEN THE SECOND INCIDENT TOOK PLACE. I'D PUT ON THE AFTER SHAVE."



"TIME STOOD STILL. WAS SHE TELLING ME TO KEEP QUIET? WHAT DID SHE WANT FROM ME?"



"BEFORE I COULD SAY ANYTHING, SHE CAME UP TO ME AND TOOK MY HAND, LIKE THE FIRST TIME."



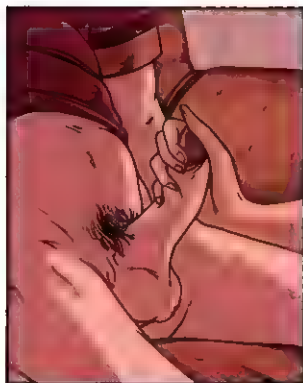
"THEN I REMEMBERED...RAINBOW FOUNDATION FOR DEAF-MUTE CHILDREN..."



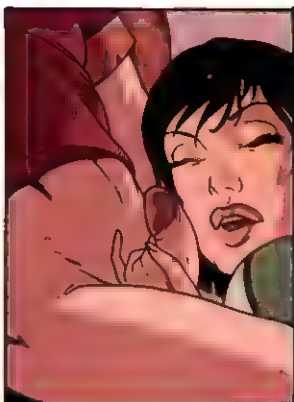
"BY NOW I ALREADY KNEW, BUT WHEN HE LEFT US ALONE, SHE CONFIRMED IT: HENRY (THAT IS, I) WAS MUTE."



"I SUPPOSED THE LOSS OF SIGHT OR HEARING BROUGHT PEOPLE TOGETHER LIKE BASEBALL OR STAMP COLLECTING."



"AT THIS POINT OF CRAZINESS,  
THE FACT THAT SHE PULLED MY  
COCK OUT RIGHT THERE..."



"...WITH HER HUSBAND ABOUT  
SIX FEET AWAY..."



"...DIDN'T EVEN SEEM STRANGE."



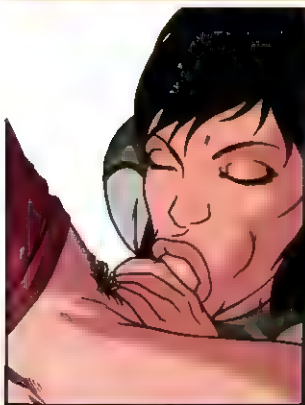
WHAT DOES  
IT TASTE LIKE,  
HONEY?

"BUT IT WAS A LITTLE STRANGE THAT THE EXCI-  
TEMENT DIDN'T DEPEND ON IT BEING FURTIVE."



IT'S SALTY...  
AND A LITTLE BITTER...

"...IN FACT, IT WAS EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE."

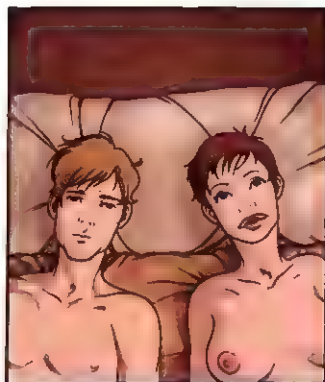


"BUT WHAT DID I CARE... I WAS  
ON ANOTHER PLANET."



ALL HENRY...  
YOU HAVE TO COME  
MORE OFTEN...

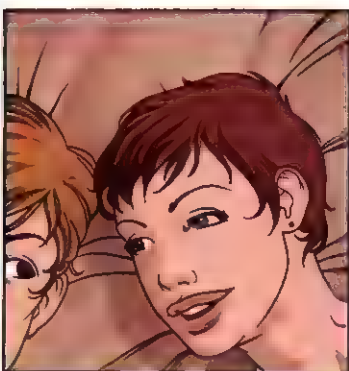
"THEY SAY THAT THE LOSS OF VISION DEVELOPS THE REMAINING SENSES...MY NEIGHBOR  
DID WONDER WITH TOUCH."



"FROM ONE DAY TO THE NEXT, I FOUND MARTHA INSIPID."



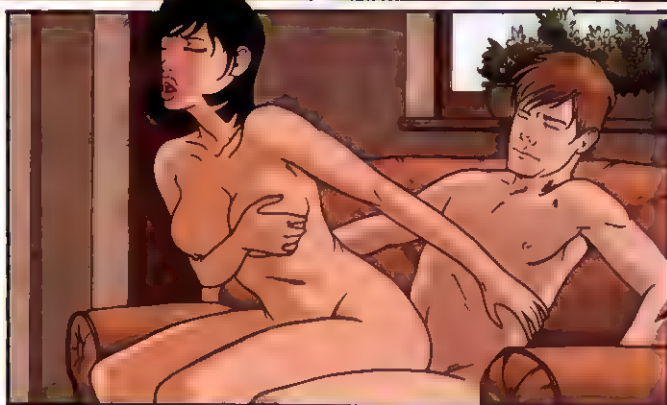
"WAS THE SECOND INCIDENT A SIGNAL? WAS LIFE SCREAMING IN MY EAR 'NO! YOU CAN'T GET STUCK WITH A WOMAN WHO CAN'T DO IT!'"



"WITH YOUR SILENCE IS NEVER UNCOMFORTABLE," SHE SAID. I DECIDED NOT TO DRAG IT OUT, BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE."



"IT'S NOT YOU... I'M THE PROBLEM..."



"MY EXPLANATIONS WERE ABSTRACT AND NOT AT ALL ORIGINAL..."

"AND I CONTINUED TO LIVE IN THE MUTE SKIN OF HENRY."

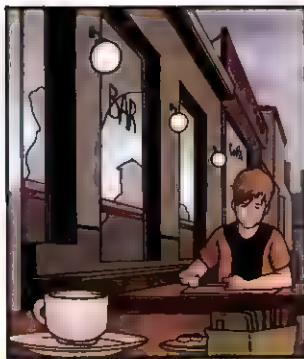


"HOW DOES IT FEEL, DARLING?"



"HARD AND HOT, MY LOVE..."



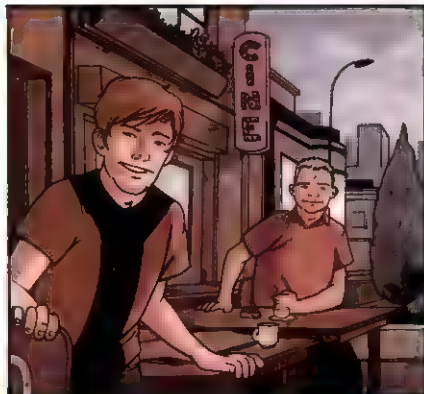


"WAS I DUMB? MAYBE... WAS I AN ASSHOLE? MAYBE, THAT TOO..."



"HENRY?  
IS THAT YOU?"

"I WON'T LOOK FOR THE MORAL OF THIS STORY."



"ONE DAY, OUT OF THE BLUE, HENRY REAPPEARED."



"C'MON UP FOR A DRINK!"



"HE SAYS HE'LL COME..."

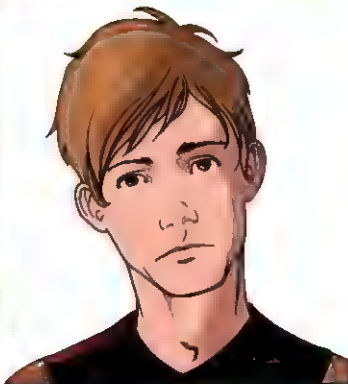
"THE NEXT DAY, SOAKED IN AFTERSHAVE, I GOT IN THE ELEVATOR WITH MY NEIGHBORS. HE SAID, 'HEY HENRY, HOW'S IT GOIN'?"

"SHE TOLD HIM HE WAS MISTAKEN. THAT I WASN'T HENRY, THAT I WAS THE GUY IN NUMBER TWO, SIXTH FLOOR, AND THEN SHE APOLOGIZED FOR HER HUSBAND'S BLUNDER."



"AFTERWARDS WE COULD HAVE SUPPER TOGETHER, HOW ABOUT THAT?"

"WAS I BOLD, INDECENT, OR DESPERATE ENOUGH TO CALL MARTHA AGAIN? YES, I WAS ALL THREE."



"SHE WASN'T ABSTRACT ABOUT IT AT ALL. SHE TOLD ME VERY CLEARLY TO GO FUCK MYSELF."



# EXPOSITION

## Revelations of the wind



OH, MR. SPAM!! WHAT AN HONOR IT IS TO MEET YOU!

I'M A HUGE FAN OF YOURS!! YOUR MARVELOUS ILLUSTRATIONS HAVE BEEN WITH ME SINCE MY EARLIEST MEMORIES. MY FATHER COLLECTED ALL YOUR BACON & BASEY ALTMANACS...

AND BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT YOUR WORK IS AN EXAMPLE AND A DAILY INSPIRATION FOR MY WORK AS AN ILLUSTRATOR.

I AM SO GRATEFUL TO YOU AND... SNIFF... OH! EXCUSE MY SHOW OF EMOTION... SNIFF... BUT I'VE DREAMED SO LONG OF BEING ABLE TO TALK TO YOU...

UNFORTUNATELY YOU TWO WON'T BE CHATTING MUCH. A YEAR AGO HE HAD A STROKE THAT LEFT HIM UNABLE TO MOVE OR TALK...

HELLO. I'M ANNA, GIL SPAM'S GRANDDAUGHTER AND THE COMMISSIONER OF THIS SHOW.

NUG!

IT'S A PLEASURE.

NNUG NOG NU...

OH, SORRY

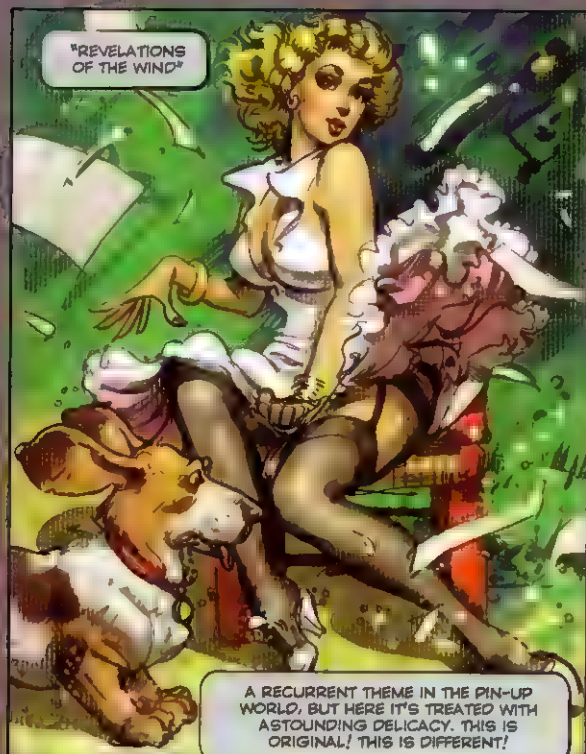
CONGRATULATIONS! WHAT AN AMAZING JOB YOU'VE DONE! ALL OF YOUR GRANDFATHER'S WORK IS HERE...

HOW COULD I NOT BE!! HOW COULD I FEEL INDIFFERENT IN FRONT OF THIS SUBTLE EROTICISM! HOW COULD I NOT BE MOVED BY THE CANDOR AND INFINITE CHARM OF "SPAM'S WOMEN"!

THANKS! YES, THIS IS ALMOST ALL HIS WORK. I CAN TELL YOU'RE REALLY INTERESTED IN IT...

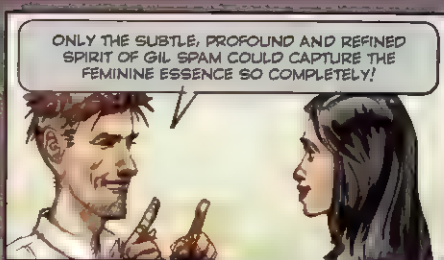
WITHOUT GOING FURTHER, HERE'S AN UNFORGETTABLE EXAMPLE OF WHAT I'M SAYING...



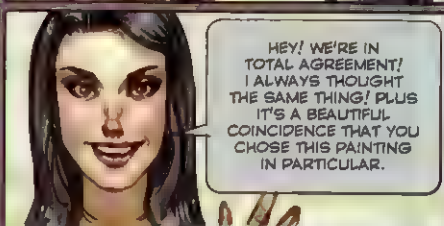


"REVELATIONS  
OF THE WIND"

A RECURRENT THEME IN THE PIN-UP  
WORLD, BUT HERE IT'S TREATED WITH  
ASTOUNDING DELICACY. THIS IS  
ORIGINAL! THIS IS DIFFERENT!



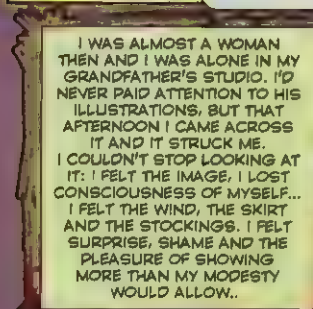
ONLY THE SUBTLE, PROFOUND AND REFINED  
SPIRIT OF GIL SPAM COULD CAPTURE THE  
FEMININE ESSENCE SO COMPLETELY!



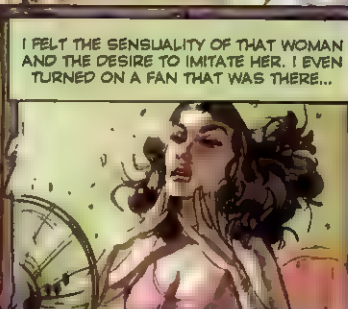
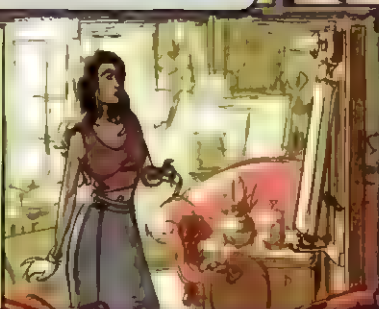
HEY! WE'RE IN  
TOTAL AGREEMENT!  
I ALWAYS THOUGHT  
THE SAME THING! PLUS  
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL  
COINCIDENCE THAT YOU  
CHOSE THIS PAINTING  
IN PARTICULAR.



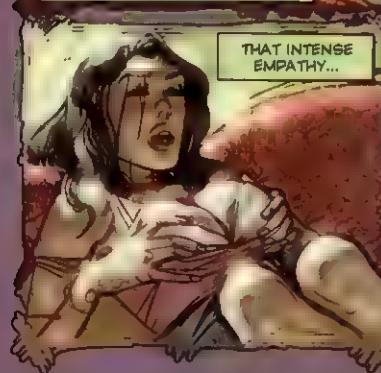
THIS WORK IS A FUNDAMENTAL PART OF MY LIFE.  
I STILL REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I SAW IT...



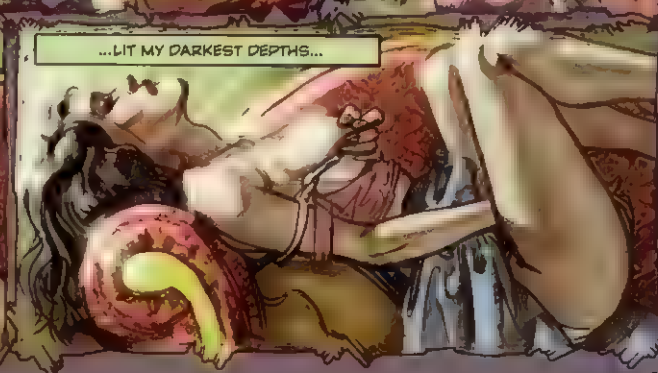
I WAS ALMOST A WOMAN  
THEN AND I WAS ALONE IN MY  
GRANDFATHER'S STUDIO. I'D  
NEVER PAID ATTENTION TO HIS  
ILLUSTRATIONS, BUT THAT  
AFTERNOON I CAME ACROSS  
IT AND IT STRUCK ME.  
I COULDN'T STOP LOOKING AT  
IT: I FELT THE IMAGE, I LOST  
CONSCIOUSNESS OF MYSELF...  
I FELT THE WIND, THE SKIRT  
AND THE STOCKINGS. I FELT  
SURPRISE, SHAME AND THE  
PLEASURE OF SHOWING  
MORE THAN MY MODESTY  
WOULD ALLOW...



I FELT THE SENSUALITY OF THAT WOMAN  
AND THE DESIRE TO IMITATE HER. I EVEN  
TURNED ON A FAN THAT WAS THERE...



THAT INTENSE  
EMPATHY...



...LIT MY DARKEST DEPTHS...

AND I DISCOVERED MY PASSION FOR ART...

AHH...

FROM THAT DAY ON, A STRONG INTEREST IN MY GRANDFATHER'S DRAWINGS GREW INSIDE ME. I SPENT HOURS OBSERVING EACH TINY DETAIL. AND I LEARNED A LOT ABOUT HIS WORK AND ABOUT PAINTING IN GENERAL. IT SHAPED MY CAREER: I'VE GOT A DEGREE IN ART HISTORY.

WHAT AN IMPRESSION A REAL ARTIST CAN MAKE!

WHAT WAS THE GENESIS OF THIS WORK? WHERE DID THAT SPARK OF GENIUS COME FROM?

HOW DID THAT IDEA OCCUR TO YOU, GRANDDAD?

NNUGGG  
NUNU  
NUGGG!

I WISH  
HE COULD  
REMEMBER!!  
WE'D LEARN  
SO MUCH  
ABOUT ART!!

OF COURSE I REMEMBER, ASSHOLE!! HOW  
COULD I FORGET MY FIRST IMPORTANT WORK!

NNNU NOG!

THOSE MEMORIES ARE AS REAL IN MY HEAD  
AS THE WHEELCHAIR UNDER MY ASS...



IT ALL HAPPENED IN 1951... I WAS IN MY FIRST STUDIO,  
LYING ON THE FLOOR, DRUNK AND BITTER.



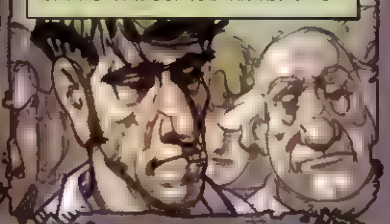
I HAD TO TURN A DRAWING IN TO  
BACON & BASEY. I COULDN'T THINK  
OF ANYTHING. SUDDENLY I HEARD  
A SCREAM...



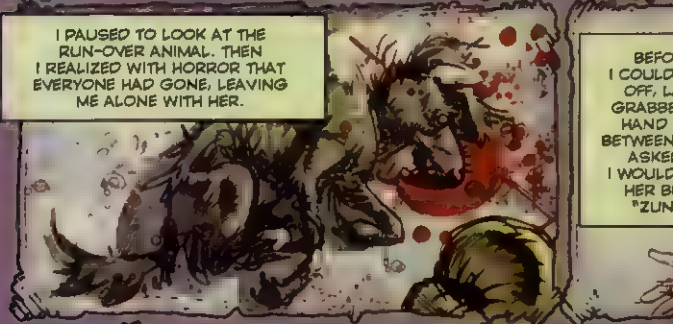
I WENT DOWN AND APPROACHED  
A CROWD OF PEOPLE.



THERE ON THE GROUND WAS LARA,  
THE POLISH GIRL FROM BC. SHE WAS  
CRYING. A TRUCK HAD HIT HER DOG.



I PAUSED TO LOOK AT THE  
RUN-OVER ANIMAL. THEN  
I REALIZED WITH HORROR THAT  
EVERYONE HAD GONE, LEAVING  
ME ALONE WITH HER.



BEFORE  
I COULD TAKE  
OFF, LARA  
GRABBED MY  
HAND AND  
BETWEEN SOBS  
ASKED IF  
I WOULD HELP  
HER BURY  
"ZUNY."

PLEASE...



WE WALKED A FEW YARDS TO AN EMPTY  
LOT NEXT TO THE TRACKS.



I WAS WORKING LIKE A SLAVE,  
BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH. THE HOLE WAS  
SMALLER THAN THE BODY



SHE TRIED HARD TO GET THE DOG IN THERE, BUT IT WOULDN'T GO. SHE CRIED, ENRAGED BY THE FRUSTRATION, AND GRABBED ME, CRYING...

WHYYYYYYY!!!  
WHYYYYYYY!!!

DUNNO

I SAID SOMETHING TO HER, BUT I'M A MAN OF FEW WORDS AND SHE WOULDN'T CALM DOWN, SO I STARTED RUBBING HER ASS AND HER TITTIES.

WAAAAAH!!

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING, YOU JERK?!

YES...

NOOOO!!  
NOOOO!!

AAAAH!!! NOO!!  
STOP!! STOP!!

STOP, ANIMAL! YOU'LL RIP UP MY CLOTHES...

YES!!



SHE TOOK OFF HER DRESS  
AND WE FUCKED LIKE DOGS.

Hummmmmmm!!!

Chup!  
Chom!  
Chup!

Flop!  
Flap!  
Flop!  
Flap!

Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!

Flop!  
Flap!  
Flop!  
Flap!

Splosh!

NNNNNNNN...

Ohh!



WHEN WE WERE DONE, SHE SAID  
SOMETHING I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.  
RIGHT THEN A TRAIN WENT BY...

**TUUUUU!!!!**

**Ta-tan!!!**

**Ta-tan!!!**

**Ta-tan!!!**

**Ta-tan!!!**

...THE WIND FROM THE TRAIN LIFTED  
SOME PAPERS AND HER PETTICOAT...

...AND THERE I SAW  
IT... THAT WAS THE  
IDEA I NEEDED!

THEN SHE REPEATED WHAT SHE SAID.  
"FUCK ME AGAIN, NOW I WANNA COME,"  
SHE SAID. I TOLD HER TO FUCK OFF AND  
WENT BACK TO PAINT...

...TRUTH IS, THEY'RE ALL SLUTS...

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE SEE THE EXHIBITION TOGETHER?

YES, I'D  
LOVE TO.

BUT FIRST...

TO GIL SPAM!!

**Cling!!**

**Chut!**

NNNG...

BAH! GO FUCK YOURSELVES!



# Next issue



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& ERDOSAIN**



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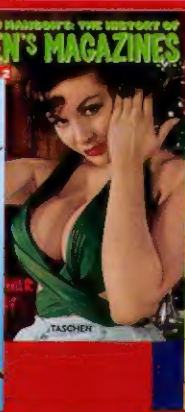
**NOE**



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# The Art of Carlos Diez

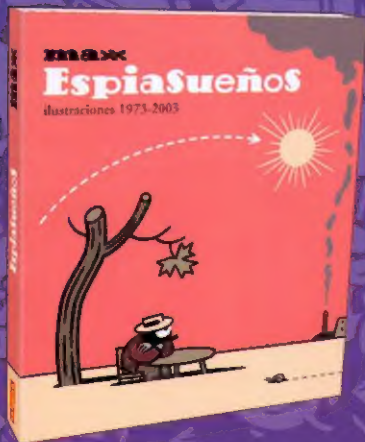
Collected for the first time in one super-heated gallery of erotica, the paintings of Carlos Diez amaze and enthrall! One of Europe's most imaginative pin-up artists, Diez takes his love of the female form and conjures up images of pure desire and very naughty fun! His women glow with raw sexuality, and if some of Carlos' models look a little familiar, well that's just his artistic license to thrill!

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# Dreamspy



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